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REUNION OF
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

PROCEEDINGS

Held in Washington, D. C.
JUNE 4, 5, 6, and 7, 1917

REUNION OF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

PROCEEDINGS

OF

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REUNION OF THE
CONFEDERATE VETERANS

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL
ASSOCIATION

AND

THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL REUNION OF THE
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

HELD IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 4, 5, 6, and 7, 1917



PRESENTED BY MR. BANKHEAD
OCTOBER 2, 1917.—Referred to the Committee on Printing

WASHINGTON
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
1918

SENATE RESOLUTION No. 144.

[Reported by Mr. Smith, of Arizona.]

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
October 5, 1917.

Resolved, That the manuscript submitted by the Senator from Alabama, Mr. Bankhead, on October 2, 1917, entitled "Proceedings of the Twenty-seventh Annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, the Eighteenth Annual Convention of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and the Twenty-second Annual Reunion of the Sons of Confederate Veterans," held in Washington, D. C., June 4-7, 1917, be printed as a Senate document.

Attest:

JAMES M. BAKER, *Secretary*.

FOREWORD.

Never before in the world's history have victor and vanquished mingled together in such loving fraternity as did the Blue and the Gray in the recent Confederate Veterans Reunion in Washington. The invitation to the Confederate Veterans to hold this Reunion in the National Capital originated with the Grand Army of the Republic, and representatives of this organization vied with the Southerners in Washington in making the Reunion a truly marvelous success.

From every standpoint—historic, social, sentimental, fraternal, nonsectional—this Reunion was a wonderful event. The happy results of it will be as enduring as the thoughts and ideals of men.

The President, the Cabinet, Congress, the Diplomatic Corps, District of Columbia officials—indeed the entire citizenship of Washington, without regard to past, present, or future connections or affiliations—united in doing honor to the battle-scarred veterans of the South. These veterans, accustomed in previous reunions to the loving ministrations bestowed upon them in Southern cities, where the memory of the Confederacy is hallowed as a sacred heritage, found only praise for the welcome and the hospitality accorded them in the Capital City.

Many thousands of visitors from the South, including Sons of Veterans, sponsors, maids, and matrons, made the numbers of veterans themselves seem small by comparison; but the Veterans were throughout the Convention the favored guests of honor. The entertainments of the week included receptions at the Library of Congress, the National Museum, and the Pan American Building, where Secretary of State and Mrs. Lansing were the host and hostess; dances every night at the Arcade and the leading hotels; moving pictures, lectures, addresses; music by Government and private bands at the Veterans' camp in front of the Capitol, on the Monument Grounds, and the White Lot; and many other outdoor and indoor affairs, while the Confederate Veterans' parade, like unto nothing that has ever been before or can be again, furnished the crowning glory of a week ever memorable in the annals of the Capital of the greatest Nation on earth.

The story of all this is too long for publication. The following pages show the sentiment, thought, and feeling of this great convention in the exact words of those who largely made it memorable. Their expressions furnish historic proof of the enduring unity of America.

CLAUDE N. BENNETT,
Chairman Citizens Entertainment Committee.

FOREWORD

Never before in the world's history have victors and vanquished mingled together in such loving fraternity as did the blue and the gray in the recent Confederate Veterans Reunion in Washington. The institution to the Confederate Veterans to hold this Reunion in the National Capital originated with the Grand Army of the Republic and representatives of this organization vied with the Southerners in Washington in making the Reunion a truly marvelous success.

From every standpoint—historic, social, sentimental, fraternal, national—the Reunion was a wonderful event. The happy results of it will be as enduring as the thoughts and ideals of men.

The President, the Chief Justice, the Diplomatic Corps, the Chief of Columbia officials, indeed the entire citizenship of Washington, without wearying to meet, present or future connections or affiliations—united in doing honor to the battle-worn veterans of the South. These veterans, who had been in various ways, were being remembered by the people of the North in a most fitting manner. The memory of the Confederacy is followed as a sacred heritage, and only by the people of the North and the South, and the people of the world, in the United States.

The thousands of visitors from the North, including some of the most prominent men and women, and the thousands of veterans themselves, were small by comparison; but the veterans were throughout the Convention the favored guests of honor. The entertainments of the week included receptions at the Library of Congress, the National Museum, and the Pan American Building, where Secretary of State and Mrs. Lansing were the host and hostess; dancing every night at the Arcade and the leading hotels; moving pictures, lectures, addresses, music by Government and private bands at the Veterans' camp in front of the Capitol; on the Mall, and the White House; and many other outdoor and indoor affairs. While the Confederate Veterans' parade, like unto nothing that has ever before or can be again, furnished the crowning glory of a week ever memorable in the annals of the Capital of the greatest Nation on earth.

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Charles H. Johnson
Chairman, National Confederate Veterans' Committee

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	Page.
Origin of the reunion.....	11
Tuesday morning, welcome of veterans at Arcade.....	13-31
Address of President Wilson.....	22-24
Response of commander in chief United Confederate Veterans.....	25-27
Presentation of flag by Col. Cowan.....	30-31
Tuesday afternoon, Willard Hotel.....	32-34
Tuesday afternoon, reception at Pension Office.....	34-39
Wednesday:	
Business meeting, Gen. Young's speech.....	40-46
Memorial exercises, Bishop Denny's speech.....	47-56
Thursday, the grand parade.....	58-60
The parade as seen by a northern writer.....	59-60
Resolutions by the veterans.....	61
Thanks to Capital City.....	62
Proceedings of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association of Women....	65-67
Monday evening, June 4, welcome to Sons of Confederate Veterans, Arcade....	71-95
Resolutions of Sons of Confederate Veterans.....	97-98
Echoes of the reunion.....	99-101

REUNION OF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

LETTER FROM THE GRAND MARSHAL.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
September, 1917.

DEAR SENATOR BANKHEAD: The Twenty-seventh Annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans in Washington City on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of June, 1917, was the fitting capstone of the many patriotic events that since 1865, have together testified to the perfect union that now exists between all sections of our country.

The proceedings and speeches of that Reunion, carefully studied, teach a lesson of self-confidence, confidence in the stability of democracy in America that ought to give heart to-day to every good citizen. Foreigners fail to understand, as do still some of our people, how those who fought each other so fiercely in the past can really be warm friends now. The brief story I am handing you with the request that it be published by the Senate will explain it all.

The Confederate Reunion in Washington stands for the coming together of two bodies of intelligent combatants who, trained from infancy in the art of self-government, were fifty odd years ago fighting each other for democracy—democracy as they understood it. None of them, not one soldier in the ranks of either combatant, stood for kingly prerogative or for any such wild theories of democracy as are now creating chaos in Russia. All were fighting for the preservation of organized state governments federated under the Constitution of the fathers—the Confederates as they thought Jefferson and Madison had idealized it; they idealized the "Stars and Stripes" into the "Stars and Bars," with the two so much alike that the Confederacy was soon compelled to adopt for a battle flag a new design, that the one flag might be distinguished from the other. The Union soldier was fighting for the old Constitution as he thought Washington and Jackson understood it, and he fought under the old flag.

There were some Tories who fought for the British crown during the Revolution, but not since Yorktown has any American ever shouldered a gun to fight against democracy on American soil. This is the basic fact that explains the situation to-day. Soldiers on both sides began to recognize it even in the midst of our fratricidal war. I recall to-day incidents that happened to prove this, that came under my own eye. The Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of the Potomac were encamped on opposite sides of the Rappahanock, near Fredericksburg. Battles around Richmond, at Sharpsburg, and Fredericksburg had been fought, respect and admiration for each other had grown up between the soldiers on the two sides of the river and instead of shooting they saluted each other across the narrow stream.

That admiration continued to grow during the whole of a war in which the American soldier (Federal and Confederate) won for himself what Capt. Battine, an English expert, writing after the Russo-Japanese war, said was "the fighting record of the world." One who bears this basic fact in mind and recalls it while he reads the account of the Washington Confederate reunion, and the many reunions between the blue and the gray, will fully understand how it is that the Confederate and the Federal soldiers, with all questions settled that once divided them, now stand together as absolutely one. Proudly remembering to-day the record they, when fighting each other, made for the American soldier, they are now all one for the support of their Government in the war it is making for self-existence, all one for stamping out at once in our midst all sedition and treason, under whatever guise it may assume.

Very respectfully,

HILARY A. HERBERT,
Grand Marshal,

Twenty-Seventh Reunion, United Confederate Veterans.

HON. JOHN H. BANKHEAD,
United States Senate,
Washington, D. C.

SENATE HONORS CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ADJOURNMENT OF THE SENATE.

The United States Senate adjourned from Tuesday, June 5 to Friday, June 8, in honor of the Reunion. The motion to adjourn was made by Hon. John H. Bankhead, Senator from Alabama, who, to give emphasis to the occasion, wore the uniform of a Confederate soldier. He coupled with the motion a fitting tribute to his old comrades in arms as follows:

MR. BANKHEAD. Mr. President, in submitting the motion I intend to make I trust no Senator will feel that it is an imposition upon the time or the business of the Senate or that its purpose implies any motive of disloyalty to the flag of our country. On the contrary, it is intended as a tribute to the patriotism of the Confederate veteran and his son, who stand ready and willing to offer their lives and their means for the perpetuation of the Union which they so desperately and at such great sacrifice attempted to dissolve. I take the liberty of offering this motion since I am the only remaining Senator who served four full years as a Confederate soldier.

The local post of the Grand Army of the Republic and the civic organizations of the city of Washington have extended the Confederate veterans a most generous and pressing invitation to hold their twenty-seventh annual reunion in the Capital City of the Nation, and in the same generous and gracious spirit the invitation was accepted. To-day the shattered remnants of the armies of Lee and Jackson, Johnston and Bragg, and of the navies of the Confederacy, who are physically and financially able, are in Washington and on Thursday will march with their sons down Pennsylvania Avenue in review before the President of the United States. Think, Senators, of the significance of a spectacle like this! A little more than half a century ago these same men in arms were hammering at the gates of Washington in an effort to sever their relations with the National Government. Thursday, marching with broken body and faltering step, on a mission of peace and love, not of hatred and bloodshed, but in a spirit of resolute reconciliation and absolute loyalty to our flag, they will voice in vibrant tones to all the world an indissoluble Union of the United States. I am grateful that God has spared me to see this day, when my old comrades in arms of the Confederacy are here in the Capital of that Nation which for four years they struggled desperately to destroy but which none in all this great Republic are now more anxious to preserve.

For four years I marched and fought under the Stars and Bars. Five immediate members of my family are now enlisted under the Stars and Stripes, a son, two grandsons, and two nephews. They will even up our records.

Now, Mr. President, as a mark of honor and respect to the Confederate veterans assembled in reunion in the city of Washington, the Capital of the United States of America, I move that the Senate adjourn until 12 o'clock noon on Friday next.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the motion of the Senator from Alabama.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and at 12 o'clock and 10 minutes p. m. the Senate adjourned until Friday, June 8, 1917, at 12 o'clock m.

ORIGIN OF THE CONVENTION.

The Washington convention of the Confederate Veterans in 1917 was the direct outcome of the Washington convention held in that city by the Union Veterans in October, 1915, who were then celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of their triumphal parade along Pennsylvania Avenue in October, 1865. While participating in that anniversary celebration the generous thought occurred to a Union veteran, Col. Andrew Cowan, that the Confederates, too, ought to have their day in Washington, and he at once determined to and did lay the matter before a Confederate veteran, a friend of his, Col. Hilary A. Herbert, and the result was a movement at once—the Confederates were to have their turn.

The antecedents of these two veterans and their relations to each other are of interest. Col. Cowan and Col. Herbert had first encountered each other on the bloody battlefield of Salem Church, May 3, 1863. In that battle they were direct opponents, Cowan as captain commanding a New York battery of artillery and Herbert commanding an Alabama regiment of infantry. That battle has since become famous in the history of reconciliation as the site of the unique monument erected there in 1907 by the survivors of the Twenty-third New Jersey Regiment, on which was inscribed a beautiful tribute to the bravery of the Alabamians, who were the foes of the Twenty-third New Jersey on that field.

Capt. Cowan later commanded his battery at Gettysburg. At the close of the war he was colonel commanding the artillery of the Sixth Corps. Since the war a citizen of Louisville, Ky., his Confederate friends and admirers there had elected him an honorary member of the "Orphans Brigade" of Kentucky Confederate Veterans, his comrades had elected him to head the Grand Army of the Republic, and it was as a past commander in chief of that organization that he was sitting on the grandstand watching the parade of October, 1915, when he conceived the idea of a Washington reunion of the Confederate veterans.

Col. Herbert's antecedents fitting him to speak for the Confederates in a matter like this had been, besides his service in the Confederate Army, 16 years in Congress as the Representative of his home district in Alabama and four years as Secretary of the Navy. During his whole public life and afterwards as a citizen of Washington he had been a conspicuous worker for the restoration of fraternal

feeling between the sections, and when consulted by Col. Cowan he was already honorary member of the Survivors' Association of the Twenty-third New Jersey as well as also of the Second Corps Association of the Army of the Potomac.

The result of the consultation between Col. Cowan and Col. Herbert was that they attended together that night a "camp fire" of the Second Corps Association of the Army of the Potomac. There Col. Cowan moved a resolution which passed unanimously that Washington City should, through Col. Herbert as its messenger, invite the Confederate veterans to hold their next annual convention in Washington. Col. Myron M. Parker, presiding, heartily favored the resolution. Gen. Nelson A. Miles supported it in an enthusiastic speech.

The civic authorities of Washington promptly took up the matter, and the four several bodies, the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, the Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Trade, and the Retail Merchants' Association, all separately and jointly sent through Col. Herbert cordial invitations to the Confederate veterans in session at Birmingham, Ala., asking them to the National Capital. The invitation was promptly accepted and the Confederate veterans came to Washington.

None of the purely business proceedings of the reunion are here recorded, but only such as are deemed to be of public interest, and it will be seen that two or more of such events were often going on at the same time in different parts of the city.

PROCEEDINGS OF TUESDAY, JUNE 5, 1917.

WELCOME MEETING AT THE ARCADE.

On the 5th of June, 1917, Washington City was extending its hearty welcome to the Confederate Veterans. The Arcade, the largest hall procurable in Washington, was profusely decorated for the occasion, with beautiful flowers and banners, the Union flag in the ascendant, with here and there the Union and Confederate flags tastefully intertwined. The Marine Band played while the veterans and the audience, as many as could crowd into the hall, were assembling. Seated on the grandstand were those who were to take part in the welcome proceedings, a few ladies, including Miss Mary Custis Lee, only surviving child of Gen. Robert E. Lee, commander in chief of the armies of the Confederacy, and several distinguished Union and Confederate veterans.

Col. Herbert, who had been created a brigadier general by his comrades to qualify him as grand marshal and master of ceremonies of this reunion, now called the meeting to order.

The invocation was delivered by Rev. J. W. Bachman, Chaplain General, United Confederate Veterans. At its conclusion Mrs. Maud Howell Smith, former president of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, of the District of Columbia, without any formal introduction but by previous arrangement, stepped to the front of the stage and in a most impressive and thrilling manner recited the following poem, written especially for the occasion by Mrs. William Cuthbert Harrison, entitled "The Flag's Welcome."

Soldiers of Dixie, we greet you,
And welcome you here to-day,
To the heart of our loved country,
Blending the blue and the gray.

The gates of Washington open
To welcome you to our shrine,
The North and the South united,
In peace and in faith entwined.

Foes though you have been in battle,
Friends now you will be alway,
As Lincoln mourned o'er his country,
So Lee would rejoice to-day.

Though your flag is furled in glory
And wrapped in the mists of time,
Its spirit will live forever
In the light that leads mankind.

It speaks of love and devotion,
Of sacrifice great and pure,
Deep in the hearts of its people
Its memory shall endure.

Men of the Southland, we greet you
And rejoice at your return;
On your brow the crown of silver,
And glory bravery has earned.

Honored the land you fought for,
You came at her call like men,
With never a selfish motive—
To-day you would come as then.

Tested and never found wanting,
In spirit not one was weak,
And the light of such example
Is the guide that now we seek.

Confederate Veterans, welcome
To the capital of the free;
With hands and with hearts we greet you,
Heroes of Davis and Lee.

The smoke and the fire of battle
Has passed with its weight of woe,
But the heat of its great passion
Has welded us evermore.

One flag, one country, one spirit,
Welding the blue and the gray;
Under the "Star-Spangled Banner,"
United forever to-day.

As the last two lines of the poem were being recited a large United States garrison flag was unfurled from the ceiling, dropping immediately in front of the stage and at the same moment the United States marine band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the entire audience rose with a vociferous demonstration of approval and enthusiasm. The old soldiers were with much difficulty kept back from the stage, in their great desire to grasp the hand of Mrs. Smith, who graciously acknowledged her appreciation of the demonstration.

ADDRESS BY COL. ROBERT N. HARPER, CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Gen. Herbert then introduced as the wisely chosen chairman of the reunion executive committee of the City, Col. Robert N. Harper, "the organizer," who would speak for the Capital of the Nation and present its other representatives.

Col. Harper spoke as follows:

Mr. Commander, Confederate veterans, ladies and gentlemen, it is unnecessary upon this occasion and particularly in the presence of this distinguished gathering to indulge in any extended remarks of welcome.

The importance of this reunion is without parallel or comparison. It will pass into memory as a crowning event in the history of a great Nation, an epoch never to be forgotten or obliterated from the pages of history or dimmed by the passing of years.

More than a half century ago you men who wore the gray, now revered by all as the evening shadows deepen upon you, were snatched

in youth from the loving embraces of devoted mothers and left your homes and firesides in defense of what you felt to be right. With bright hopes, stubborn determination and that historic southern chivalry surging through your veins, you responded to the trumpet's call and marched to the tune of "Dixie" with a heroism never surpassed, rarely equalled, and admired by both friend and foe.

Inspiring as the strains of "Dixie" were to you in sixty-one to sixty-five none the less, I am sure, will be the feeling of patriotism to each and every one of you while marching on historic Pennsylvania Avenue, under the Stars and Stripes, our Country's Flag, to the soul-stirring strains of our National Anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner", and with throbbing hearts and steadfast purposes proclaim that long shall it wave over the land of the free and the home of the brave.

If this reunion had as its only object the proof of a united country, once separated, then this gathering would be in vain. If it is to signify any special fact it is that love reigns and hatred lives no more. The loyalty to the flag by the men who wore the gray has long and permanently been established. It is accepted that there is now no North, no South, no East, no West, except in so far as geographical necessities require.

Mr. Commander, veterans, ladies and gentlemen, as chairman of the citizens' committee of this, your Capital City, I extend to you a welcome more hearty than can be conveyed by the power of human speech. This welcome is not only for the veterans of Lee and Jackson and their compeers, but also to the Sons and Daughters, sponsors, and maids.

We welcome you all without qualification or mental reservation. The freedom of our city, the hospitality of our people is unlimited to you men who wore the gray and shall be unrestricted. The doors of the city are wide open to you, the keys thrown to the winds. This is your city, enjoy it as such, and may this reunion ever be cherished as one of the precious events of your long, eventful and honorable lives.

(Loud applause.)

Colonel Harper introduced Hon. Louis Brownlow, of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia, who delivered an address of welcome, after which Mr. E. C. Brandenburg, president of the Board of Trade, delivered an address of welcome on behalf of the trade bodies of the District of Columbia. Both addresses were loudly applauded, but unfortunately, copies of them were not preserved.

ADDRESS BY CAPT. FRED BEALL, COMMANDER OF CAMP NO. 171.

Col. Harper introduced Capt. Fred Beall, commander of Camp No. 171, U. C. V., who spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, Confederate veterans, comrades, speaking for the Confederate Veterans and for all the Confederate organizations of Washington, I beg to say that we are all heartily delighted to have the honor and very great pleasure of extending a most cordial welcome to you. We are glad to see you, to have you in our midst in this great Capital City of the United

States to which you have been invited by all the civic authorities and all the representatives of the trade organizations of Washington.

We have in Washington a well-organized brigade of Confederate Veterans commanded by that splendid gentleman, Gen. Hilary A. Herbert, who at the head of the Eighth Alabama Regiment covered himself and his men with imperishable honors during the many campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia, from Bull Run to Appomattox. We have two Confederate camps embracing a membership of about 200 as true, as brave, and as faithful men as the world ever saw. We have nine chapters of Daughters of the Confederacy, numbering probably not less than 1,000 members, who love and honor the cause for which we fought and, like their sisters all over the country, are contributing in every way possible to the comfort and pleasure of Confederate soldiers and their dependents and are nobly giving of their time and means to the cause of southern education and the preservation of the history of the South and everything that pertained to the Civil War and its causes. They are both a benediction and an inspiration to us old veterans.

Your comrades in Washington have longed for your coming, and we are gladder than words can express that you are now here, that we can strike hands with you and talk over our experiences during those four long years of war, the memories of which are now and ever will be sweet and sacred to our every heart.

We want you to enjoy your visit to Washington and we assure you that you will meet with the kindest welcome not only from the members of our Confederate organizations but from the fighting men of the Grand Army of the Republic and all the business and professional men of Washington.

Comrades, you must know that you are now among friends, that you are in your father's house, that you have no enemies in Washington, but that every resident of the city is ready and desirous to extend to you the glad hand and show you every courtesy.

Your coming here is epochal. As you look up on the platform before you, you see the President of the United States. He is here to extend a hearty greeting and a cordial welcome to you. You see him, who is the President of no section and the representative of no sectional prejudices. You see one, who is the President of the whole United States and every section thereof, North and South, East and West, incapable by nature of using his great office to the advancement of one section over another, but in every way, and on every occasion, regardless of class, religion, party, or nationality, he is discharging the duties of his high office with unparalleled courage, unmeasured ability, and in the truest and most sacred fidelity to the whole people. We all love him for his patriotic devotion to the entire country, and honor him for what he has done and is doing to protect the honor and integrity of the United States, and to bring about a lasting peace between all nations.

Notwithstanding the wise and patriotic course which the administration has pursued, and all the efforts which it put forth to keep the Nation out of war, we have finally been forced into and become a part of that great, cruel, wicked European struggle, the end of which no man can see, nor can be foretold the sacrifices, sufferings, and mournings that our people will be called upon to endure.

We, comrades, know what war is, and we earnestly hoped that the honor and integrity of America could be preserved and protected

without becoming a party to the terrible conflict beyond the seas. This was impossible. The continued insults, wrongs, and injuries perpetrated by Germany and the central powers became so unbearable that there was no course for the United States to pursue except to declare war against Germany.

Now that we are in it, we will do our full duty. I need not appeal to you, my comrades, or to the people of the South, to rally around the Stars and Stripes and do whatever is possible to carry this war to a successful, glorious issue. In the South we are all Americans; we love the history and traditions of our country and are ever ready to make any sacrifice either of life or property to vindicate the great principles of religious and political liberty.

We sympathize with all people who love liberty and true, genuine democracy, and we hate autocracy and imperialism. We are soul, body, and mind with the allied powers to overcome and destroy the cruel autocracy that has crushed the spirit of millions, and ready and willing to do what we can to aid in giving liberty and peace to the civilized nations of the world.

Our sons and grandsons will emulate our courage and devotion to the principles of right and honor and will do their whole duty in carrying the flag of our country to the farthest point in the great battles of Europe and will contribute their share along with the sons of those who wore the blue to defend the honor and integrity of America.

I again extend to you, my comrades, a most cordial and sincere heartfelt greeting and assure you of the earnest wish of all Washington that you may enjoy the reunion to the full and carry back to dear old Dixie Land happy recollections of this reunion and pleasant memories of all that you may see and hear in this our own great Capital of our own beloved country.

Captain Beall's speech was loudly applauded.

DAUGHTERS WELCOME THE VETERANS.

Col. Harper next introduced Mrs. R. D. Shepherd (daughter of the late Gen. W. W. Kirkland), who read the following original poem, The Daughters' Welcome to the Veterans.

Beginning with the salutation "Women of the South and dear Comrades of my Father" Mrs. Shepherd continued:

In the name of the Daughters I welcome you, veterans,
Heroes of Dixie, who once wore the gray;
Joyous the thought that of that mighty struggle
Only the glory remaineth to-day.

Mary Custis Lee welcomes you, veterans,
The daughter of peerless Robert E. Lee.
She asks you to serve neath The Star-Spangled Banner
As would your great chieftain in true loyalty.

The "District Daughters" warmly welcome you, veterans,
You've captured the heart of the Nation to-day,
We'll honor, and love you, and cherish you ever,
Our heroes from Dixie, who once wore the gray.

For "The Daughters" again I greet you, in welcome,
 They wish to make golden these reunion hours.
 As a sign of the tender affection they bear you,
 They bid me to carpet your pathway with flowers.

[Loud applause.]

ODE TO THE UNION.

The following poem written by Virginia Frazer Boyle, poet laureate of the U. C. V. for the occasion, was here read by Gen. D. S. Henderson, Judge-Advocate General, U. C. V.:

Out of the mists and the storms of the years,
 Out of the glory of triumph and tears,
 Out of the ashes of hope and of fears,—
 The old South still leads on.

She is bringing to-day what her hands have wrought,
 What her mother's heart at her knee has taught,—
 Her treasure of time that her blood has bought,—
 To lay at the Nation's feet.

Not the tattered things which she waves to-day,
 Not the stars and bars she has laid away,—
 Nor the bended forms in their coats of gray,—
 Her wondrous pledge to the past;

But the spirit that stirs through the dust of the grave,
 Wherever the flags of the Union wave;
 The valor the God of her heroes gave
 To freedom and liberty.

She comes with the cry that led her on,
 When freedom and liberty first were born,—
 And the name of her peerless Washington,—
 The rugged strength of his days.

She has kept unmixed, through her years of pain,
 America's blood in its purest vein;
 As she gave to the past, she gives again,
 For the glory of her land.

With a patriot's faith in the days to be,
 She is pressing the seal of destiny,
 With the fame of her Jackson and her Lee,—
 The heritage of her sons.

And she sees in her ruddy boy today,
 In his khaki coat, her lad in gray,
 And back of the drums her heartstrings play,
 When the bugles shout and call.

But her mother love is not dismayed,—
 She has laid her treasure unafraid
 On the shrine where the sad-eyed Lincoln prayed
 That the Union might not break.

How they troop, that host that can never die!
 A Nation's heroes passing by,—
 The spirits that brook nor earth nor sky,—
 For the deathless dead have heard:

They are marching out with a shadowy lance,
 With the sons of sons to the fields of France;
 And they stand at the guns while the bullets glance,
 Where England fights to win.

Oh! hallowed earth of the brave and the free,—
 Oh! pledges of life and of liberty,—
 They are keeping the tryst on the land and the sea,
 Of a Nation forever one!

[Applause.]

Songs by the Confederate Choir of Portsmouth, Va., were greatly enjoyed.

ADDRESS BY COL. ROBERT E. LEE.

Gen. Herbert, introducing Col. Lee, said:

After Gen. Lee had decided at Appomattox that the Confederates should accept the conditions the fate of war had imposed upon them, he taught them, for the remainder of his life, by precept and example, one continuous lesson. What that lesson was I have asked his grandson in his own way briefly to tell you. I present to you Col. Robert E. Lee. [Loud applause.]

Col. Lee said:

This is no ordinary occasion in the history of our country. It was confidently predicted in the sixties that if the Confederate soldier succeeded in reaching Washington, the war would be over. This day is the prophesy fulfilled in your presence. The gray line is in Washington. The war is over. From the headwaters of the Missouri to the Rio Grande, from the turbulent seas of the East to the Golden Gate, all stand under one grand National emblem—Old Glory—and behind one incomparable leader—the President of the United States.

Over fifty years ago the old mother States which formed the Federal family, had a fearful fuss, as high-strung old ladies sometimes will. They called in their friends and neighbors, and still they could not settle it; finally, as might have been expected, they appealed their cause to the court of Mars. Judgment was rendered against my mother State and her allies: They accepted the edict in good faith, and since that time there can be found no act in their demeanor, or word in their vocabulary, inconsistent with the peace, progress and perpetuity of a reunited country. Thus the soldiers of the South come to the Capital of their country with the red blood of American courage, the soul-white of the purity of American purpose, and with the true blue of American fidelity. This must needs be so; otherwise it would be inconsistent with your traditions, and contrary to the example and precept of your old commander.

During his retirement in the classic shades of Lexington the former commander and chief of the armies of the South was seen on one occasion conversing with some one on his lawn. On entering the house and being asked who it was, he replied: "An old soldier in need." He was then asked to what command he belonged, Gen. Lee's reply was: "I don't know, he was on the other side." On another occasion the General said to a lady who cherished more bitterness than he: "Madam, don't bring your sons up to detest the United States Government. Recollect we form one country now. Abandon all these local animosities and make your sons Americans." As an answer to this post bellum order from headquarters what nobler inscription could there float from the banner of the Con-

federate soldier as he marches up the Nation's parade on Thursday: "All local animosities are forgotten and forgiven. We have made our sons Americans!"

Young gentlemen of the South, sons of Confederate Veterans: It is for us not to be the sinker on the end of our line. Now that our country calls we must "tread with no unequal step" the road which our fathers marched through suffering, privations, and blood. Let us emulate "their valor in arms, their patient endurance of hardships, their high resolve to" fight for freedom and humanity, "which no trial could shake, no bribe seduce, no danger appall, and be assured the just God who crowned their effort" with undying glory "will, in His own good time, send down His blessing upon us" and our great country. [Great applause.]

INTRODUCTION OF HON. JAMES TANNER, PAST COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

In introducing Hon. James Tanner, Past Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, Gen. Herbert said:

The bugle call that first brought the South and the North completely together in Congress after their bloody war against each other was Grover Cleveland's Venezuela message in 1896. Every Senator and Representative, Democrat and Republican, stood up then to be counted for the Monroe doctrine—for democracy on the American continent.

In large part it was the self-poise and patriotism of our broad-minded American people, North and South, that made possible that vote, and that have made possible, too, this gathering here to-day of these veterans in gray to testify again for democracy in this hour of its extreme peril, but above all else, the present marvelous unanimity of our country is the work of the American soldier, of those Americans who had tested each other's mettle in battle; the work of those superb leaders, Grant and Lee, at Appomatox; of patriotic utterances like those in the United States Senate of such soldier statesmen as L. Q. C. Lamar; of lectures such as John B. Gordon's "Last Days of The Confederacy" that captivated all listeners; of the soldier President, William McKinley, who at Atlanta, after the Spanish-American War, with a Confederate flag on the lapel of his coat, pinned there by a Georgia girl, spoke into existence the monument to the Confederate dead at Arlington, where now, side by side, under the care of their Government, are sleeping the Union and the Confederate dead.

Among the foremost of the fighters who since the fighting ceased have been thus working together for reunion has been a soldier in blue, who was knocked out of the fighting line at the second Manassas, when he was a corporal. Napoleon Bonaparte made his title, "The Little Corporal," famous in European history. That soldier who was disabled at the second Manassas as a corporal has since made that title forever famous in American history. I present to you Corporal Tanner. (Great applause.)

Responding, Hon. James Tanner spoke as follows:

Mr. President, Mr. Chairman, men of the gray, and Daughters of the Confederacy, having been a member of the Grand Army of the Republic for 49 years, twice commander of the great Department of New

York, once commander in chief of the order at large, having attended for 40 years without a break its annual encampments, having met personally, as I have, in the last 35 years more of the members of that order than any other man living or who has lived in that time, knowing the sentiments of the order at large, as I do, I have no hesitancy in declaring on this occasion when you, our old contestants of the battle field, have come north of the Potomac for your annual meeting for the first time in your history, that nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of my comrades of the blue give you a hearty welcome with an earnest prayer for your prosperity and happiness to the latest breath you may draw.

There is some truth in the very complimentary expressions which have fallen from the lips of our friend, Col. Herbert, regarding myself. God knows that I have not carried the bitterness of war time through the years. What I fought for was a restored Union, a Nation living in amity among themselves. I said once in your presence, Mr. President, at Arlington, that I consider it a bright flower in the wreath of glory my comrades gathered when, contemplating with great pride as we do the prosperity and power and advancement of this Nation of ours on all lines, a power and prosperity and a glory which could not have existed had secession succeeded, the fact also stands that the survivors of the men in gray, the children and grandchildren of themselves and their comrades who have gone to the tomb, share equally with us of the blue in what we know to-day from Oregon to Texas, from California to Maine, as our own United States.

If I could meet among you to-day the man who pulled the lanyard of that particular gun in Jackson's artillery which sent the shell that crippled me for life and gave me a heritage of pain that will not end until the grave closes over me, and if I were satisfied that to-day he stood for the Constitution of the United States and stood with us in upholding the hands of President Wilson as he bears in his charge the honor and the integrity of this Nation, my hand would go out in cordial grasp, and I would say: "Put it there, Johnnie," and ask him out to celebrate in proper form the splendid conditions that exist to-day.

We are by no means so much concerned to-day in the matters of half a century or more ago as we are in what confronts us now and what the near future may produce. A very serious condition exists, and we old fellows perhaps realize more thoroughly its seriousness than the young men of to-day, but I have absolute faith in the young manhood of the present time. No fear need exist but that they will measure up to the requirements of the hour, no matter how tremendous those requirements may be. The mothers who bore them, South and North, were and are the best women that God ever blessed this earth with, and our sons will go to battle as steadily as we went in the olden time, stand as firm when the swirl of death decimates their ranks, and will carry the flag of the Republic to glory on whatever fields they may be called upon to tread.

One note of warning I would sound in consideration of some conditions which exist and in the handling of which I hope we will profit by the experiences of our own early time. During our struggle we in the North were cursed with the presence of the most despicable class of individuals who had no love for the Union and had not courage enough, if they had any genuine sentiment, to put on the

uniform that represented those sentiments, but snapped and snarled at our heels. They yelled themselves hoarse crying "On to Richmond!" "Why don't the army move?" And yet, when at a crucial time Abraham Lincoln called for them through the draft, they might have been found holding a draft list in one hand and a time-table to Canada in the other, ready to jump across the border if they were chosen. I said in those days of battle, have repeated it many times since, and proudly proclaim it to-day, that I had a mighty sight more respect for you men of the South who, born and brought up to believe in State rights and the right of secession, put on the uniform of your cause, took your gun in hand, and stepped out to make a man's fight and to imperil life against life, than I had for those we knew as the copperheads of the sixties. We have them in another form at present. The modern pacifist is the lineal descendant, in my opinion, of the copperheads of our time. In addition, we have the anarchist, the socialist, and the I. W. W.—the "I Won't Work" fellows. In my humble opinion if they are making any amount of trouble to-day over the Nation on the registration business, it will be best for President Wilson to early reach the conclusion to declare martial law, suspend the writ of habeas corpus, haul those individuals to trial before a court-martial and, if found guilty, place them before the firing squad and silence their treasonable voices in death. A judicious expenditure of blood to preserve order and vindicate the majesty of the law and to put the proper seal upon treason will prove to be an economy of blood.

I glory in the majesty of our Nation, firm in the belief that success will crown the efforts of those who battle for liberty and democracy against the autocracy of Europe, happy in the belief that when peace comes, peace with honor and triumph, that the representatives of the United States of America, chosen by President Wilson, will sit in the world-wide council which will so arrange world-wide affairs for the future as to draw the fangs of the German serpent. I trust that before they adjourn the United Confederate Veterans in annual encampment assembled will formulate an expression which will show the world at large that there is no dividing line between the North or South, or East or West, but that we stand one solid mass of humanity in support of the majesty of our United States, the dignity of the law, and of the President of the United States.

Mr. Tanner was frequently interrupted by loud applause.

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON.

The President of the United States, next introduced by Gen. Herbert, spoke as follows:

Mr. Commander, ladies, and gentlemen, I esteem it a very great pleasure and a real privilege to extend to the men who are attending this reunion the very cordial greetings of the Government of the United States.

I suppose that as you mix with one another you chiefly find these to be days of memory, when your thoughts go back and recall those days of struggle in which your hearts were strained, in which the whole Nation seemed in grapple, and I dare say that you are thrilled as you remember the heroic things that were then done. You are

glad to remember that heroic things were done on both sides and that men in those days fought in something like the old spirit of chivalric gallantry.

There are many memories of the Civil War that thrill along the blood and make one proud to have been sprung of a race that could produce such bravery and constancy; and yet the world does not live on memories. The world is constantly making its toilsome way forward into new and different days, and I believe that one of the things that contribute satisfaction to a reunion like this and a welcome like this is that this is also a day of oblivion. There are some things that we have thankfully buried, and among them are the great passions of division which once threatened to rend this Nation in twain.

The passion of admiration we still entertain for the heroic figures of those old days; but the passion of separation, the passion of difference of principle, is gone—gone out of our minds, gone out of our hearts—and one of the things that will thrill this country as it reads of this reunion is that it will read also of a rededication on the part of all of us to the great Nation which we serve in common.

These are days of oblivion as well as of memory, for we are forgetting the things that once held us asunder. Not only that, but they are days of rejoicing, because we now at last see why this great Nation was kept united, for we are beginning to see the great world purpose which it was meant to serve.

Many men, I know, particularly of your own generation, have wondered at some of the dealings of Providence; but the wise heart never questions the dealings of Providence, because the great, long plan as it unfolds has a majesty about it and a definiteness of purpose, an elevation of ideal, which we were incapable of conceiving as we tried to work things out with our own short sight and weak strength. And now that we see ourselves part of a nation united, powerful, great in spirit and in purpose, we know the great ends which God in His mysterious providence wrought through our instrumentality because at the heart of the men of the North and of the South there was the same love of self-government and of liberty; and now we are to be an instrument in the hands of God to see that liberty is made secure for mankind. At the day of our greatest division there was one common passion among us, and that was the passion for human freedom. We did not know that God was working out in His own way the method by which we should best serve human freedom—by making this Union a great united, indivisible, indestructible instrument in His hands for the accomplishment of these great things.

As I came along the streets a few minutes ago my heart was full of the thought that this is registration day. Will you not support me in feeling that there is some significance in this coincidence, that this day, when I come to welcome you to the National Capital, is a day when men young as you were in those old days, when you gathered together to fight, are now registering their names as evidence of this great idea, that in a democracy the duty to serve and the privilege to serve fall upon all alike? There is something very fine, my fellow citizens, in the spirit of the volunteer; but deeper than the volunteer spirit is the spirit of obligation.

There is not a man of us who must not hold himself ready to be summoned to the duty of supporting the great Government under which we live. No really thoughtful and patriotic man is jealous of that obligation. No man who really understands the privilege and the dignity of being an American citizen quarrels for a moment with the idea that the Congress of the United States has the right to call upon whom it will to serve the Nation. These solemn lines of young men going to-day all over the Union to the places of registration ought to be a signal to the world, to those who dare flout the dignity and honor and rights of the United States, that all her manhood will flock to that standard under which we all delight to serve, and that he who challenges the rights and principles of the United States challenges the united strength and devotion of a nation.

There are not many things that one desires about war, my fellow citizens, but you have come through war; you know how you have been chastened by it; and there comes a time when it is good for a nation to know that it must sacrifice, if need be, everything that it has to vindicate the principles which it professes. We have prospered with a sort of heedless and irresponsible prosperity. Now we are going to lay all our wealth, if necessary, and spend all our blood, if need be, to show that we were not accumulating that wealth selfishly, but were accumulating it for the service of mankind.

Men all over the world have thought of the United States as a trading and money-getting people, whereas we who have lived at home know the ideals with which the hearts of this people have thrilled; we know the sober convictions which have lain at the basis of our life all the time, and we know the power and devotion which can be spent heroically for the service of those ideals that we have treasured.

We have been allowed to become strong in the providence of God that our strength might be used to prove not our selfishness, but our greatness; and if there is any ground for thankfulness in a day like this, I am thankful for the privilege of self-sacrifice, which is the only privilege that lends dignity to the human spirit.

And so it seems to me that we may regard this as a very happy day, because a day of reunion, a day of noble memories, a day of dedication, a day of the renewal of the spirit which has made America great among the peoples of the world.

The President was given ovations before and after his address, which was heartily applauded throughout.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

When the applause following the President's address had partially subsided, Gen. Herbert waived his hand to calm the audience and introduced Miss Mamie Harrison, daughter of the commander-in-chief, who, in a clear, sweet voice that was heard all over the auditorium and that vibrated with emotion, sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" while holding in her hand the staff of a beautiful national flag that floated over her head.

Her rendition brought forth enthusiastic applause.

ADDRESS OF GEN. GEORGE P. HARRISON, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Gen. Herbert next introduced Gen. George P. Harrison, commander in chief United Confederate Veterans, and turned the meeting over to him.

Replying to the addresses of welcome, Gen. Harrison said:

Mr. President, comrades, and fellow countrymen, for the first time in the history of our organization, we are assembled in annual convention north of the Potomac River. We are here not only by the invitation of the city authorities and commercial bodies of Washington, but by that of the Second Corps Association of the Army of the Potomac. Indeed, I am informed that the suggestion of our invitation came from a gallant colonel of the Union Army, Andrew Cowan, formerly of New York, now of Louisville, Ky.

When the invitation to meet here was presented to us at Birmingham last year there were some of us who doubted the propriety of accepting it, fearing that our coming would not meet the cordial welcome which Southern cities have always accorded us. But when the situation was fully explained, we accepted by unanimous vote, and here we are to-day, in the Capital of our country and in the hands of our friends—some of whom were once our enemies.

As to the causes which led to the war between the States, or the character of that war, let history answer. Suffice it to say we have no apologies to make and none to ask. It was a family difficulty, which we submitted to the arbitrament of the sword. It was decided against us, and in good faith we accepted the result, when those of us under Lee and Johnson laid down our arms at Appomattox and Greensboro, in 1865.

To our paroles made then we have ever been true. For many years our northern brethren appeared loth to welcome us back to the house of our fathers, to which we had agreed to return, and we were subjected to carpet-bag-scalawag rule that was far worse than war. To this we reluctantly submitted, until, by our united efforts and the help of God, we succeeded in regaining control of our State governments and were again accorded representation in the halls of Congress. Soon after the war the soldiers of the North and South, the men who actually fought the war of sections, composed their differences, buried the hatchet, and were ready to bury the "bloody shirt." But the politicians and camp followers were slow to recognize that, as a result of the war, this was an indissoluble Union of indestructible States. They tried to keep up sectional strife, in which they succeeded for many years. But when Grover Cleveland, that great American and true Democrat, appointed Confederate soldiers as members of his cabinet, it began to look as if the war of sections would soon be over.

When William McKinley, a brave Union soldier, wore a Confederate button and carried a miniature Confederate flag presented him by a bevy of pretty Southern girls, notice was given that the war of sections would soon be over. And when, in the War with Spain, the first to give his life was a southern lad, (Worth Bagley, of North Carolina, brother of my chaperon, Mrs. Josephus Daniels), and Joe Wheeler, Fitz Lee, and William C. Oates and other ex-Confederate soldiers received high commissions in the Army, and thou-

sands of Confederate veterans and their sons volunteered to join the Army and Navy, the war of sections appeared to be over.

When Theodore Roosevelt, our fighting President, permitted the restoration of the name of Jefferson Davis to its place on the Cabin John Bridge, it indicated that the war of sections was over. When William Howard Taft, as true an American and as sound a Republican as the country ever produced, appointed a Confederate soldier as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and the United States Senate confirmed the appointment, the indications were stronger than ever that the war of sections was over.

When the Grand Army of the Republic held its first national encampment on southern soil, at Louisville, Ky., the actions of both the Blue and the Gray were such as to promise that the war of sections was a thing of the past. But when I contemplate the fact that Woodrow Wilson, a southern man, has twice been elected and is, to-day, President of the United States, and as such the Commander in Chief of its Army and Navy; that southern men constitute a part of his Cabinet; that my old comrade, Chief Justice White, has with him on the Supreme Bench other representative Southerners; and that our southern Senators and Representatives in Congress are in their seats and the peers of their colleagues from all sections of the Union, I know that the war of sections is over.

But if in the minds of any there exists a doubt that the war of sections has ceased, I point with pride and pleasure to the reception which has been accorded us here to-day. In behalf of my comrades, both here and at home, I thank each and all of the speakers who have eloquently welcomed us. I thank the good people of Washington and all who have contributed to our coming and entertainment.

I thank the President, whom we all love, for honoring us with his presence. I thank Col. Harper and the executive committee for their untiring and successful efforts in our behalf. I thank Col. Myron M. Parker and his Association of the Army of the Potomac for kindly offering to escort us in the parade, which shall be cordially accepted, on next Thursday. I thank the fair ladies, who cheer and honor us with their presence. Above all, I thank Almighty God that we have been spared to see sectional lines obliterated and our people united in support of the policies announced to Congress by our beloved President, who, says the North American Review, "was clearly predestined by God to meet intelligently, masterfully, and, Heaven grant, in the end successfully, the greatest emergency in the history of the world."

We are, to-day, engaged in a war the like of which the world has never seen; a war into which we have been forced; a war which originated with the sinking of the *Lusitania*, when hundreds of innocent women and children were murdered. Since that time, Germany, in utter disregard of every friendly profession and of the high rights and principles which we, as a Nation, hold dear, has committed one act of war after another until the patience of our President is exhausted and our people realize that our liberty is imperiled. Therefore, by act of Congress, we have accepted the issue and have entered into this war for democracy against autocracy.

I, therefore, appeal to all true Americans, from Portland in the East to Portland in the West, and from Canada on the North to the

Gulf of Mexico on the South, to stand by our President. And I here repeat that those who wore the gray are as loyal to our country as those who wore the blue. Comrades of the blue and comrades of the gray, our past differences are settled. Let us shake hands and be friends. To-day, our sons are registering in answer to their country's call. Let us encourage and stand by them, whether they come from "Yankee land" or "Dixie's Land"; their purpose is one and they will fight to accomplish the same result. Whether they prefer the tune of "Yankee-Doodle" or of "Dixie" they will, together, rally round the "Stars and Stripes" as their fathers did in the war for American Independence.

In the poetic language of a typical southern woman, Mrs. Anne Bachman Hyde, the daughter of our beloved chaplain general, I say:

Awake, awake, beloved land,
Long years of peace have blinded thee;
With hoards of riches in thy hand
Another's lack thou canst not see.

How can a son of freedom feel
The captive's sad and lonely state,
How can he dream another bends
Beneath the shackles awful weight?

So free, so free, thou canst not know
That many grope in dark of night,
If haply they may find the way
That leads through pangs of death to light.

Think not that thou canst stand apart
While other nations crash and fall,
A band of brothers fight for truth—
What ruins one will injure all.

The cause is just; oh, lead us on,
The captives of the world to free,
Nor rest till all the sons of men
Shall taste the joys of liberty.

The conflict o'er, I hear a voice
Of the myriads yet to be,
O nations of the earth rejoice,
A free-born Nation set us free.

The speech of the commander in chief was frequently interrupted by applause and was followed by long continued applause.

"THE CALL TO ARMS."

An original song, entitled "The Call to Arms," with words by Miss Emma Hamilton Bulloch and music by Miss Wilmuth Gary, was then sung by the Confederate Choir of Washington, accompanied by the United States Marine Band.

To arms, to arms, beloved country!
With thy starry flag unfurled
And thy shield of honor stainless
Give this message to the world.
Lofty principles of Justice,
Peace and freedom for mankind,
Do not mean a craven spirit,
As all traitors soon will find.

Here we pledge to thee, our President,
Our unswerving loyalty;
We will give allegiance only
To our God, our Flag, and thee.

To arms, to arms, beloved country!
For the cause of Liberty.
Hold the torch of justice heav'nward
'Till it flashes o'er the sea.
And proclaims to all the nations
That on this they can depend—
We love peace, but not dishonor,
And the right we will defend.

Here we pledge to thee, our President,
Our unswerving loyalty;
We will give allegiance only
To our God, our Flag, and thee.

To arms, to arms, beloved country!
With thy armor shining bright,
And thy sword unsheathed and ready
To strike boldly for the right;
We love all mankind as brothers,
But 'tis best they understand
On the shores of this fair country
Hostile feet must never land.

Here we pledge to thee, our President,
Our unswerving loyalty;
We will give allegiance only
To our God, our Flag, and thee.

To arms, to arms, beloved country!
Duty calls—we must obey—
Freedom of the world-imperiled
By a despot's iron sway.
We must help to crush forever
Greed and tyranny and hate;
Love and liberty must triumph—
Strike! it is the hour of Fate.

Here we pledge to thee, our President,
Our unswerving loyalty;
We will give allegiance only
To our God, our Flag, and thee.

When the applause following this song had subsided Gen. Herbert said: "Will you allow me the floor for a short time, Mr. Commander, before proceeding to other business?" and then said:

Comrades, I wish to introduce to you before this welcome is over two men you all want to know. When we were all boys we used to call them "Yanks." They were not of that stay-at-home breed, some of whom we had, both North and South, who never got mad enough to be heard from until after the war was over. They were both always on the front lines, that kind of men to whom we used to call out across the lines, "Hello, Yank; have you got any coffee over there?" and the reply would come back, "Hello yourself, Reb; have you got any tobacco?" And then we would meet and make our bargain—just as ready at any time for a trade as for a fight. And we have been mixing with these men I am going to introduce to you, and men of their sort, ever since the war, helping to bring this Union together. We have made both these men honorary members of our Confederate Camp 171, here in the District. They

are comrades, with us and of us, and just as proud of being "Rebs" as we are ourselves.

One of them is Col. Andrew Cowan, who, as you have said, Mr. Commander, originated this reunion. He was a captain of Artillery at Gettysburg, a colonel of Artillery at the close of the war, and is now a past commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. He has a beautiful United States flag, made to order at his expense, which he wishes to present to us to be carried side by side with the Confederate flag in our grand parade. Honored veteran, as he is, measuring by his memories of his flag our memories of our flag, no man knows better than Col. Andrew Cowan that any ex-Confederate who has to-day in his heart no love for the flag that waved over him as a soldier is absolutely unworthy to stand by the side of you, my comrades, whom the Nation is welcoming here to-day because you were true to your convictions in the past and because you are true to-day to the oath of allegiance you have taken to the flag of your country.

The other comrade whom I am to introduce now is Col. Myron M. Parker. As presiding officer of the Second Corps Association of the Army of the Potomac of this city he put through Col. Cowan's resolution that originated this reunion. He is a zealous and active member of the city's executive committee that has paved your way to Washington, and he has asked and obtained permission with veterans of his association to lead us in our grand parade. I present to you Col. Myron M. Parker.

Colonel Parker spoke as follows:

Mr. President, ladies, and comrades, one of the fortunate incidents connected with my life was the fact that I happened to be president of the Second Corps Association, Army of the Potomac, at the time a resolution was unanimously adopted inviting the Confederate Veterans to meet in Washington on the occasion of their next annual reunion.

Naturally, I am proud to be a member of the splendid old Second Corps, a corps that formed one of the important units of the Army of the Potomac, a corps that had for its commanders such men as Sumner, Couch, Warren, Humphries, and Hancock, and for its division and brigade commanders Sedgwick, Howard, Miles, Burney, Barlow, and other equally great and distinguished soldiers.

These generals were known and admired by Gens. Lee, Jackson, Gordon, Hampton, Longstreet, Ewell, Hood, Pickett, Stewart, and all of the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, who met them as brave men always meet. The casualties of the Second Army Corps from first to last were over 45,000, and when we realize that 26,000 men comprise a corps, we are at once impressed with the character of the service this corps rendered.

The grizzled old veterans of the Second Corps were anxious to meet our Confederate friends once more; not at Bull Run, because that with us is not a pleasant memory; neither at Fredericksburg, where results were practically the same; nor at Chancellorsville, where victory at one time perched on our banners only to be followed by defeat, a battle in which the Confederacy met a most serious loss, as it was here that the brave Stonewall Jackson fell. We did not want to meet them at Antietam, even though that was called a drawn battle; neither at Gettysburg, one of the world's greatest battles;

nor at Rheem's Station; nor during that campaign of sixty-four, started in the Wilderness, comprising the great battles of Spottsylvania, Todd's Tavern, North Anna, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and Deep Bottom, winding up at Appomattox, where history will record the fact that the Confederates were not defeated but were overtaken by exhaustion. As I said, we were not anxious to meet the brave men of the South at any of these historical battlefields, but we wanted to meet them in Washington, the Capitol of our united country, where with outstretched arms we could take them to our hearts and extend them the hospitality of our homes, and in this spirit, brave men of the South, we greet you. [Applause.]

PRESENTATION OF THE FLAG BY COL. ANDREW COWAN.

Col. Cowan was then introduced and presented the flag in the following address:

Commander in chief and Confederate veterans, you have come home. We greet you with glad hearts and outstretched hands. We welcome you to Washington, the most beautiful city in America.

President Wilson has welcomed you as he welcomed the G. A. R. nearly two years ago when he said to the Veterans of the blue:

You have the satisfaction of looking back upon a war absolutely unique in this, that instead of destroying it healed, that instead of making a permanent division it made a perfect union. You have seen the spirits of the two once divided sections of the country absolutely united.

Confederate veterans, you are meeting for the first time north of the Potomac—you have captured Washington. You will march up historic Pennsylvania Avenue, which heard the tramp of a million armed men while the blue and the gray were enemies. The world will note "that those who wore the gray are as loyal to our country as those who wore the blue". Your commander in chief proclaimed it, Hallelujah! You will proudly carry the Stars and Stripes with the the Stars and Bars of heroic memories. They will be greeted with cheers and tears; cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

We saw your southern battle flag on a hundred battle fields. It was borne with honor through the war; it was furled in honor at the end. As long as red blood flows in your veins you will cherish its noble and tender memories in your hearts. We honor you the more for that. American valor, proved on the battle fields of the Civil War, is the glorious heritage of our sons and our country's pride.

Henry Watterson, your comrade, foremost among the great leaders of public opinion, loyal and patriotic American, when writing recently of this Confederate reunion said:

A sublimer sight than the stars and bars intertwined with the stars and stripes in everlasting fraternity never irradiated the summer air than will be seen when these grizzled veterans of the South march through Pennsylvania Avenue, whilst Massachusetts and South Carolina, New England and the Middle West, the States of the Atlantic and the States of the Pacific "in Congress assembled," stand heart to heart, hand to hand, shoulder to shoulder, in spiritual embrace, the world looking on exalted and rejoiced.

Gen. Harrison, commander in chief of the United Confederate Veterans, when I read those inspiring patriotic lines, I asked for the privilege of presenting you with a United States flag, to be carried here, side by side with the Southern flag at the head of the Confederate parade. You have conferred that honor upon me, a veteran sol-

dier of the Army of the Potomac, who arrived here from City Point, in command of the First New York Battery, with two divisions of the Sixth Corps, July 12, 1864, just in time to save the Capital from capture by Gen. Early's army—the only battle fought within the District of Columbia during the war. I have come from my home in old Kentucky to present this flag of our united country to the United Confederate Veterans, whose sons and our sons fought together under its "broad stripes and bright stars," for human rights in Cuba.

Now we old veterans of "the blue and the gray," too feeble to fight, are proudly giving our sons and our grandsons to fight, and to die if need be, for the defense of their country and for freedom the world round. We are all on the same side now. "United we stand" for our country's honor and our country's rights. God give our people strength to fight and labor and endure all, until militarism is crushed and world freedom is won.

Gen. Harrison, I present this glorious flag to you for the United Confederate Veterans—

"In the light of glory let us pray

Lord, how may we serve this flag to-day?"

"Oh, long may it wave

"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

As Col. Cowan concluded his speech, his friend, Gen. John B. Castleman, of Louisville, Ky., a distinguished Confederate officer, unfurling the specially made Union flag, placed it in the hands of Col. Cowan, who presented it to Gen. Harrison. Gen. Harrison placed it in the hands of a Confederate veteran, who held it aloft on the right while another Confederate held aloft a Confederate flag on the left.

This ceremony took place during the loud and continuous cheering that followed Col. Cowan's speech.

The institute band of Birmingham, Ala., played "Dixie" while the cheering continued.

This brought to a happy close the opening meeting of the reunion.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 5, 1917.

MEETING AT THE NEW WILLARD HOTEL.

ADDRESS OF FORMER GOVERNOR JAMES B. McCREARY, OF
KENTUCKY.

At the afternoon meeting at the New Willard Hotel on Tuesday, June 5, 1917, the sponsors and maids of honor were presented, after which former Gov. McCreary, of Kentucky, delivered the following address:

I am glad to see so many of my comrades in the National Capital of our Great Republic.

My heart throbs with emotion as I look upon survivors of the armies of the Confederacy and remember that I am in the presence of men who fought under Lee and Jackson and Johnson, the Hills, and Beauregard, Bragg, Kirby Smith, Breckinridge, Buckner, Morgan, Forrest, Wheeler, Stewart, Helm, and hundreds of others whose courage and achievements won ever-lasting fame for the armies of the Confederate States of America.

We hold our reunions, because:

We love the cause for which we fought

We love the glory and gallantry of Confederate soldier.

They have left the record to mankind of courage, endurance, and patriotism which time can never obliterate.

On this occasion we realize that "Peace hath victories more renowned than war," and we are here to proclaim to the world that those who wore the gray, the same as those who wore the blue, stand for our country, and our country's flag—The Star-Spangled Banner—

Oh, long may it wave,

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Our memories of the past will always be preserved and we can treasure them while we are faithful to the Stars and Stripes.

Though fifty-two years have passed since we laid aside the weapons of war and returned to the pursuits of peace, and we all feel the impress of time, our hearts are as faithful and true as when we followed the Stars and Bars, and revolving years will never diminish our admiration for the magnificent achievements of Southern soldiers or lessen our respect for the cause for which we fought or reduce our affection for the memory of our dead or our fondness for our surviving comrades.

The scenes and incidents, cares and conflicts, toils and trials of the Civil War are now in the past forever, but there remains to us not only the memory of valor and victories, of sacrifice and successes of brave men and women, but also the consolation that Confederates have submitted in good faith to the results of the Civil War, have helped to change desolate places into happy homes; have aided in substituting peace and prosperity for wreck and ruin and have done their duty in making the Southern States in progress and development, in agriculture, manufacturing, educational facilities, and industrial achievements, forge to the front and attract the attention and win the admiration of the civilized world.

In this historic city we contemplate in the distant past the magnetic and patriotic presence of George Washington and the statesmanship

of the author of the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson, and in nearer times the attractive and venerated figure of Abraham Lincoln, and in the present we salute our wise, brave, faithful, and patriotic President Woodrow Wilson.

In the light and inspiration of their love of liberty, independence, and honor, we pledge anew our determination to uphold all that is good, and glorious in our loved republic and do all in our power to crush autocracy and maintain what George Washington fought for and what Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson eloquently and ably advocated and do our part in the world war to bring victory to our country and our allies of Europe.

The United States has never waged a war of oppression and does not seek now territorial extension or national aggrandizement, but standing for freedom and independence and honor, for which our forefathers fought, lift up their arms against any nation which seeks to make the world subservient and bring men to slavery.

We fight now with the hope and the belief that when the war is over there will be no scepter, no crown, no thrones, no kings or emperors, but "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" in every civilized nation of the world.

This is the first time a reunion of the United Confederate Veterans has been held in our beloved country's capital. Twenty-six reunions have been held in southern cities, the last reunion but one being in Richmond, Va, formerly the capital of the Confederacy, and it was a beautiful, pathetic, and patriotic act on the part of the Washington Grand Army of the Republic Post to ask that the reunion be held in Washington, and the Confederate soldiers appreciate to the fullest extent the invitation and are glad that it shows to the world that reconciliation and friendship now fully exist between the Federal soldiers and Confederate soldiers.

In 1895 the Grand Army of the Republic held its first national encampment upon southern soil; that was in Louisville, Ky., and it seemed very appropriate for it to be held there, as the chief leaders in the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, were both born in Kentucky. Hospitality and patriotism were blended at that national encampment and friendship between those who had fought each other was restored.

It was repeatedly proclaimed, if there should be a foreign war the proof that the war of sections is over will be shown promptly and conspicuously, and the foreign war did occur, and in the Spanish War ex-Confederates and ex-Federals fought shoulder to shoulder, and in this world war brave and patriotic Americans, whether from Federal land or Dixie land, stand ready to fight side by side against those who insulted our Government, murdered our citizens, and sank our vessels, and their sons are enlisting also to fight shoulder to shoulder in the same army.

This reunion suggests a vivid declaration and sacred reminiscences. It declares to American soldiers of this crucial time, who are now facing the trials and perils of a world war, that men who serve their country according to their convictions and are willing to offer their lives in behalf of their country's freedom, independence, and honor have never been forgotten and will never be forgotten by the people for whom they fight.

It recalls the sacred memories of the thrilling times when Gen. Lee and his soldiers met Gen. Grant and his soldiers amid blood and carnage and death. It brings back the recollections of Shiloh and Murfreesborough and Chickamauga and Manassas and Petersburg and Gettysburg and many other battle fields, and we should be thankful that we have been spared to participate in this the greatest and most impressive reunion ever held, in which the Stars and Bars are linked in fraternal friendship with the Stars and Stripes.

It is very pleasant also on this occasion to note that time has assuaged the hostilities and smoothed the asperities of war, and now those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray sit side by side in Congress halls and in State and county official circles and in the highest Supreme Court, and sons and daughters of Federal soldiers and sons and daughters of Confederate soldiers have intermarried.

William McKinley, when he was President of the United States, declared at Macon, Ga., that the time had come when the United States could well afford to care for the graves of the Confederate dead, and William H. Taft, when he was President, appointed an ex-Confederate, Edward J. White, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States by and with the consent of the United States Senate, and our own matchless orator and scholar, L. Q. C. Lamar, United States Senator from Mississippi, speaking in the Senate over Charles Sumner's bier, said, "Let us know one another better, then we may love one another better." And I am thankful that I lived long enough to vote in the Congress of the United States to return the captured Confederate flags to the regiments and companies which loved them and fought under them and that I also voted to appropriate money and authorize the appointment of a Confederate officer to collect the remains of Confederate soldiers buried in northern graves and mark their final resting places with appropriate headstones, and the great and crowning act which I will never forget was that I had the honor, while in the United States Senate, to help place the statue of Robert E. Lee, our greatest general, in Statuary Hall in the Capitol Building at Washington, with the statues of a number of the most distinguished sons of our Republic and by the side of the statue of George Washington.

Truly this is an appropriate time for the Twenty-seventh Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans and the Twenty-second Reunion of Sons of Veterans in the capital of our great Republic, and it will not only strengthen the ties of love of ex-Confederate soldiers and sons of ex-Confederate soldiers, but the patriotism, enthusiasm, and courage of the soldiers of the present war will be strengthened and all will pledge anew their love and devotion to our country, our flag, and our Constitution.

RECEPTION AT THE PENSION OFFICE.

A notable reception was given the veterans at the Pension Office in the afternoon. The United States Marine Band furnished the music. Following the reception proper, several addresses were made with Hon. G. M. Saltzgaber, Commissioner of Pensions, presiding. In calling the gathering to order Commissioner Saltzgaber said:

When I was a schoolboy I had a fight with another boy, but we made up and afterwards he became the best friend I ever had.

They say that lovers' quarrels are sweet because of the bliss of reconciliation. My comrades in gray, we are mighty glad to have you here with us on this occasion. All of the sweetmeats, and the preserves, and the jam, and the jelly, and the marmalade, and the oratory and the music, are especially for you. [Applause.]

The program will be changed just a little and we will now have the address by a gentleman who was praised very highly by the Confederate Gen. Gordon, for his qualities of head and heart, a speaker who is honored by this Nation and by all of us. I present to you Corporal Tanner, of the United States of America.

ADDRESS OF MR. JAMES TANNER, PAST COMMANDER IN CHIEF, GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mr. Tanner said:

Mr. Commissioner, men of the gray, and friends all, to-day marks considerable of an epoch in the history of the city of Washington and of the United States. The Johnnys have come north of the Potomac again [Cries of "That's right."] and we bid them welcome with all our hearts. [Applause.]

I would add to that the statement I made to-day up in the Arcade before the many thousands that were there assembled when I frankly confessed to them that we are a mighty sight more glad to see them to-day than we would have been to see them in 1864 if they had been marching up Pennsylvania Avenue under the capable leadership of Gen. Early.

I went into the war early and came out early. I did not put down the Rebellion. I started in at Yorktown, went through Fair Oakes and Seven Pines, and I quit out here at Bull Run under notice served by Stonewall Jackson's artillery. The first railroad train I ever saw was when at the age of 17, I ran away from home and went across country twenty miles to a recruiting station looking for a uniform and gun. I found them both. I got something else, but it was all in the game, and we played the game to the finish. And we are not kicking, no matter what our present misfortunes or fortunes may be, and for myself and for the average man who did the work—North and South—the war ended at Appomattox. [Applause.] I know many a man who gets mad to-day talking about those engagements that we fought out, men who belong to the class called pacifists to-day, men who never get mad until the opportunity to fight is past. They are the invisibles in war and the invincibles in peace.

To-day we men of the Grand Army of the Republic would drum it into the ears of you Confederates that you are right welcome among us. We honor you for the men you were 50 years ago. You tested our mettle and we tested yours. That struggle gave us a united Nation and people living together not as enemies but a Republic that is a world power, and that is what I fought for in my little experience as a soldier. [Applause.]

To-day we are deeply concerned at the situation that surrounds us. We are living in momentous times. The President of the United States stands to-day with a responsibility on his shoulders not exceeded by the responsibility which rested upon the shoulders of Abraham Lincoln. But, thank God, to-day the responses and assurances of support for him come from every quarter of this great Nation of ours. [Applause.] Some of us would have liked it if we

had got into the line a little earlier than we did, but we are there, and as has been said, we did not start this business across the water, but we are going to finish it. [Applause.]

In the sixties we of the North were cursed with some of the most despicable classes of citizens that had existed up to that time, men who had no love for the Union and if they possessed any for the Confederacy did not have courage enough to put on their uniforms and fight for it. They said, "Why don't the Army move on to Richmond?" And when Father Abraham called through the medium of the draft for help, you would find them with a draft list in one hand and a time table to Canada in the other that would get them across the border in the shortest possible time. I have said many times that I had a thousand times more respect for you men of the South who put on the uniform of your cause, took your guns in your hands and went out to make a man's fight of it and give a chance of life for life in defense of that which you supported than I have, or ever had, for those whelps of Hell. [Applause.]

To-day in the modern pacifists we have the lineal descendants of the copperheads of the sixties. We have in addition to those the iconoclasts and socialists, those who would run the streets red with blood, the I. W. W.'s—the I Won't Workers of the nation—and I trust that President Wilson will profit by our experiences in the sixties and do as Lincoln did, suspend the law of habeas corpus, declare military law, and hale these iconoclasts and socialists before military tribunals and if convicted then the firing squad. [Applause.]

A small expenditure of blood at the start would prove an economy of blood.

The years for me have been long and nerve-racking and filled with pain which will not cease until they take me to Arlington; but I want to say, I thank my God that I have lived to see this day when "Old Glory" waves unchallenged over all the land, and thus to show the start we have made in the matter of adjustment, I want to present one single instance to bring one incident to your minds.

Every adult person in this assemblage can readily recall when the proposition was advanced to return to the South the battle flags of the Confederacy, then in the custody of the War Department of the United States; it seemed as if the very blackness of wrath in the North was aroused. Men seemed to have lost the power of reason, and from the tumult at that time one might well have supposed that that the possession of those old Confederate flags belonging to the South was something necessary to the perpetuity of the Nation. I did not share in the discussion of that question and I bitterly regret it. But the proposition was abandoned and quiet succeeded.

Time lapsed, time as effulgent and refreshing as the dews of heaven amid the darkness to the parched earth beneath; and so we came to that time when there arose in the Senate of the United States, a Senator from the great State of Michigan, Russell A. Alger, a man of power, and he offered a bill to send the flags back to the South. Mark the contrast now! Not one voice was raised in protest; not one word of debate ensued and the bill passed both Houses of Congress by a unanimous vote, became a law, and the flags went back to the South, never again to wave as a symbol of asserted authority, but always to be cherished by the people of the South for the simple reason that they loved the boys who had died for them.

Permit me to say before I sit down that when we had taken that step I think we had taken a long step toward the fulfillment of the injunction, the benison, the prayer, the command, or whatever you choose to call it, which fell from the paling lips of our great leader who on McGregor field met the only enemy he could not conquer with—"Let us have peace." [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF COL. ROBERT E. LEE.

Commissioner Saltzgaber next presented Col. Robert E. Lee, namesake grandson of Gen. Robert E. Lee, who said:

Corporal Tanner has the advantage of me in many ways, but one of the greatest of these advantages is that he can tell you of some personal experiences of the great war of 1860-1865, while I let peace come just before I appeared on the scene, and after peace was declared, I joined the infantry.

This is a most unusual, gracious, and patriotic occasion. The Commissioner of Pensions, the custodian of the deathless records of the Federal soldiers, is here extending a warm hand of greeting and of welcome to the old "Johnny Rebs." And, in addition to that, its uniqueness and graciousness is increased when a distinguished Federal soldier should give a glorious setting to this picture, and whose service to the cause has earned the friendship of the entire people, comes here and tells you that he is glad you are here in the Capital. [Applause.]

If anybody under heaven has any doubt about the perpetuity of American institutions, let him come here and refresh himself.

I am as happy to-day as one of you old boys in gray who went to one of the northern cities and heard a band play in a park. After the band had played one or two "high-falutin" pieces that he could not understand or appreciate, he asked the band leader to play Dixie. And they played it. And he said, "Play it again." And they played it again. And he said, "Play it again." And they played it again. And he said, "Play it again." And the leader said, "Look here, old man, I believe in the last day when Gabriel blows his trumpet, you will call for 'Dixie'." And the old man said, "Yes, and if he don't play it, I'll be gol darned if I rise."

About fifty years ago your old mother and my old mother had a terrible fuss. They were backed up by their friends and neighbors, became very much excited, could not settle the dispute, and appealed their cause to the court of Mars; and the judgment of that court was against my mother and everything was done away with in their dominion inconsistent with the peace, progress and perpetuity of a reunited nation. [Applause.]

As is often noted about the pictures we see, "Somewhere in Europe," I will say this occurred somewhere in America. I do not know whether it was in the North or South, but right in there between sixty-one and sixty-five there occurred the Battle of Seven Pines, and there was a little village and the people were hurrying down to the telegraph office and the post office to find out how their loved ones fared in that great fight. There was a little old lady standing on the corner; you didn't know whether she was excited or serene. Some one rushed up to her and asked, "Ain't your boy Bud in that fight; ain't you scared about Bud; don't you love him?" "No," she said, "I ain't scared." "But, why ain't you scared?" "They tell me there are seven pines there, and I know Bud well enough to know he is behind one of them."

War's hot breath is scourging European countries, and yet they have not produced an army anywhere equal to the two armies that faced each other from sixty-one to sixty-five. The dramatic theater has been done away. War has lost its glamor; it is reduced to commercialism. Group machine guns against group machine guns challenge and answer each other from hill to hill; but there have been no such men as our loved Americans; there have been no such men as Pickett's at Gettysburg and those who were with Hancock in his superb work there, and you know others whose names might be mentioned in connection with that great battle. And so the American soldiers of sixty-one to sixty-five held and still hold a higher place in history than any European soldiers have yet held.

There are two kinds of courage given unto men, the courage of the crisis and the courage of the commonplace. The courage of the crisis is one thing and the courage of the commonplace is another. As "one star differeth from another star in glory," so the courage of the crisis differs from the courage of the commonplace. The courage of the crisis is accompanied by battle shout, the soldier's death, and the triumphal arches of victory. The courage of the commonplace has no such artificial excitement; it is everyday, hard, troublesome holding up of everyday duty and work, dull, quiet and uneventful, so far as each day is concerned.

It is not often that you find these two elements of commonplace and crisis courage set forth in one individual as you do in the Blue and the Gray. They both showed the courage of the crisis when they met on the fields of Manassas, and when they battled for three days in the hills of Pennsylvania, and when they left each other on the plains of Chickamauga.

But, behold, gentlemen, the courage of the commonplace ever since that time, for they, as Corpl. Tanner has told you, who were the greatest fighters were the most peaceable after the war was ended.

If, as certain theologians write, those who have gone into the supernatural and invisible world can witness the actions on this globe, there is new joy to-day in the Kingdom of Heaven at the reception given to these our friends in the Capital of the Nation.

We will not think of our dead comrades as being dead, but rather let us think of them as some glorious martial spirits that one day left this earthly battle field, where still stalks the demon of war, sounding on their bugles the divine note of victory and marching to Heaven's eternal camping ground, there waiting to join the rest of their command. [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF GEN. ELL TORRANCE, PAST COMMANDER IN CHIEF,
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Gen. TORRANCE. Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, but especially my comrades in gray, this is a remarkable scene that we are witnessing and in which we are participating this afternoon. It has had no parallel in the world's history. My thoughts as I sat on the platform have been far away; this all seems to me like a dream. My thoughts have been in the years now past and gone for more than half a century. This occasion is impressive more on account of those who are not here than those who are here. I see before me a fragment of the great armies of the South; I see before me this afternoon men who followed the great chieftain of the Southern Confederacy. The fire of youth has faded from their faces and I think your memor-

ies have been in the past rather than in the present. To me there has been a great cloud of witnesses round about us, the splendid comrades with whom we touched lives in the sixties and the great soldiers who led us in battle. Those were the heroic days of the Republic; those sacrifices were the greatest and the richest that were ever poured out upon the soil of a free nation. Under the providence of God we think of the United States to-day made up and as one, free, independent republic. The men in gray who opposed the men in blue struck heavy, sledge-hammer blows that welded this nation into one.

We are very shortsighted in life sometimes. My Confederate friends, during the war we often could hardly see our hands even before our faces. Everything was involved in darkness and clouds. If you had had your way, there would have been a Southern Confederacy, and if there had been a Southern Confederacy, there would have been a Western Confederacy and an Eastern Confederacy and a Northern Confederacy and to-day there might be upon American soil forty-eight independent nations instead of one great American Republic. [Applause.]

There was much to be done in those days, much that must be decided and decided to a finish; and the men under Lee and Johnston and Jackson, great heroes and capable leaders; they were the men who applied the strongest and severest tests, but under the providence of God the boys in blue won and gave us to-day this possibility for the United States of America to make its voice heard around the world; and you, my comrades, and those of my comrades in blue, are the champions of freedom and democracy for the world. [Applause.]

I was in Texas two weeks ago. I almost felt as if I were lost and never would get back home again; and they told me that from the eastern boundary of the State to the northwestern boundary was as great a distance as to Chicago, Ill. This gave me some idea of the immensity of the Republic. The State of Texas alone is in point of territory equal, if not greater than, the German Empire. One county, they told me, had produced last year a cotton crop of more than eighteen million dollars—three times as much as the United States paid for Alaska—in one year, the cotton crop of one county. That indicates our material prosperity.

But our material prosperity is not the most important thing. It is manhood and womanhood; it is justice and fairness; a square deal for every man, woman and child, not only in America, but in the world. [Applause.]

We are now confronted with the greatest crisis that ever confronted any nation. We are planning an amazing part in the redemption of the world from autocratic power. And the United States of America is united in purpose and it will be able to make any sacrifice that is necessary; it will be able to endure any privation or hardship that is necessary to have this liberty which we enjoy so much extended to all the nations of the earth. Liberty is like the light of the sun; nothing can be hid from its light, nothing can be hid from its power; and America stands for liberty for all, freedom, and the rights of men to the whole world.

I congratulate you on your visit to the Capital; you are welcome. Our hearts go out to you in friendship and in gratitude. Our prayers go up that you may safely reach your homes, that your last days may be your best days, and that you may finally fall asleep in honored and sacred graves. [Applause.]

PROCEEDINGS OF WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1917.

ADDRESS ON JEFFERSON DAVIS, AND THE FAIRVIEW MONUMENT,
BY GENERAL BENNETT H. YOUNG.

During the business meeting of the Veterans held in the New Willard Hotel on Wednesday, June 6, Gen. Bennett H. Young, past commander in chief of the United Confederate Veterans, delivered an address on Jefferson Davis and the Fairview Monument as follows:

The South had an illustrious part in establishing the independence and in creating the glory of this great country of ours. It was a southern pen, dipped deep in the southern heart, which drew the immortal Declaration of Independence. It was a southern military genius who led the toil-worn, battle-scarred and ragged colonial patriots to final victory. It was the southern men from Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, and Tennessee, who struck the flank of Cornwallis at King's Mountain, and sent him, limping, into the jaws of Washington at Yorktown. And when the Revolutionary War was over, and nothing was left but the bill to be paid, the South settled the largest part of that account. Virginia contributed of her domain what is now the States of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan; North Carolina contributed Tennessee; and Georgia donated Alabama and Mississippi. And of the first 15 Presidents of the new Republic, 9 of them were from the South and slaveholders. Washington himself being the largest slaveowner on the American Continent.

In 1860, when the Northern States which had been such conspicuous beneficiaries of the Southern States forced the slavery issue to the point of war, the Southland laid its hand upon Jefferson Davis, and charged him with the defense of its rights, its property, and its life. Rich-born, cultured, scholarly, and chivalrous, he was the incarnation of the southern spirit and the type of the southern ideal. He belonged to all the South. He was a native of Kentucky; he was adopted by Mississippi; he fought for Texas; he was inaugurated in Alabama; he administered the Confederate Government from Virginia; he fled across North and South Carolina; he was captured in Georgia; he lived his patient martyrdom at Beauvoir; was buried in Louisiana; and his remains now sleep in Virginia, in whose southern bosom are two other graves—the grave of British sovereignty at Yorktown, and the grave of the Father of his Country at Mount Vernon. Mr. Davis's illustrious character, his splendid patriotism, his lofty ideals, his absolute consecration to duty, his magnificent courage and immeasurable sufferings for the South, are each and all a rich heritage which belong equally to all the people of the Confederate States, their descendants, and those who sympathized with the South in its gigantic battling, for national independence and national life.

When the North had finished its war upon the South, which had so largely created the country, nothing was left to it but name untarnished, honor unsullied, pride unhumbled, and spirit unbroken. The task which then confronted the southern people was a double one:

First, to retrieve its broken fortunes, and second, to monumentalize its history and transmit its records to subsequent generations. To achieve the one, the sons of the South have wrought valiantly; and to accomplish the others, the daughters of the South have labored amazingly and are triumphing gloriously. More monuments to southern valor have been erected upon southern soil than have been set up in any other land to any other people.

In this cause of preserving the heroic story of the South, and immortalizing its illustrious past, the Daughters of the Confederacy have equaled the devotion and loyalty of their mothers who inspired and suffered throughout the fearful struggle of the sixties. Their task has been to preserve the name and the fame of the land, red with their fathers' blood and drenched with their mothers' tears. The handing down to posterity a correct history of the southern people and their cause; the casting up of heaps of stone to mark the thing that ought to be remembered with pride; the erection of monuments to point their fingers to a sky starred with southern virtues; the defense of a story that was full of patriotism and glory, of lesson and inspiration—this was the task which the Daughters of the Confederacy laid upon their hearts, and to which they stretched out their hands. Who can contemplate the project, or behold the triumphant result, without placing an amaranthine crown upon the snowy brows of the daughters of Dixie?

I challenge the world to bring out of the annals of the past a story like theirs—of an organization so efficient, of a purpose so lofty, of a resolution so persistent, of a determination so invincible, of a devotion so unselfish, of a spirit so drainless, of a victory so signal. When all the South has brought first a votive offering of frankincense and myrrh, and laid it in the lap of those women of the South who lived during the War between the States; it then turns with thankful hands, brimful of garlands and flowers, of gratitude and praise, and empties them at the feet of the Daughters of the Confederacy and their allied societies. And all the world looks on, and applauds the deed and commends the tribute!

At the risk of being considered a retailer of ancient history I may remind you that Jefferson Davis was born 108 years ago in a little town called Fairview, in Christian County, Ky., halfway between Hopkinsville and Elkton, the county seat of Todd County. When he was 8 years old, his father removed to Mississippi, and Kentucky lost her son. One hundred and seven years ago Abraham Lincoln was born in Larue County, near Hodgenville, Ky. As the crow flies, these two spots are something like 140 miles apart. Kentucky thus gave in 1861 the two leaders, one President of the United States, the other President of the Confederate States.

Eight years ago Col. S. A. Cunningham, editor of the Confederate Veteran, conceived the idea of properly marking the birthplace of Mr. Davis. He prepared a series of resolutions which he submitted to some friends—myself amongst others—and sent them to Glasgow where the Orphan Brigade was holding one of its annual meetings. At Col. Cunningham's request, Gen. Buckner there presented resolutions suggesting the acquisition, as well as marking, of the birthplace of Mr. Davis. A corporation was organized known as the Jefferson Davis Home Association; of this Gen. Buckner was elected president.

In the course of a few weeks he sent for me and said, "Gen. Young, I have neither the gifts nor the time nor the strength to make this scheme a success, and I beg of you to do me the kindness to become its president." This I did.

Twenty-one acres of land, covering substantially the birthplace of Mr. Davis, were secured. Options had been taken upon this property and they were about to expire, the association had no money and no credit, and I was so fortunate as to be in such a position that I could advance the entire sum necessary to secure the ground, now known as "Jefferson Davis Park." Through these intervening years, through appeals to the men and women of the South, something like \$20,000 has been raised, the grounds have been cleared, improved, and on the two street sides, inclosed by a handsome stone fence. The State of Kentucky, desiring to do honor to her son, appropriated \$7,500 to aid in the work.

With something like \$10,000 at our command, we induced Gen. George W. Littlefield, of Texas, to visit the Jefferson Davis Park and look over the work already done, and suggest plans for the construction of a suitable memorial to the first and only President of the Confederacy.

Sagacious, wise, enthusiastic, successful, and endowed with a large measure of this world's goods, he became deeply interested in the plans for the erection of a memorial that would be worthy of Mr. Davis, as well as worthy of the South, to which Mr. Davis gave more than any man who survived the war. He esteemed it a very high honor to be one of the leaders in this patriotic movement. To him will be justly assigned the chiefest place amongst its promoters.

The women of the South erected at Richmond, where Mr. Davis is buried, a beautiful and imposing monument. The people of New Orleans and their friends have also builded a handsome testimonial indicative of the love the Confederate people had for their President.

I can not but feel that the world will yet further expect the people of the South, in some more extensive and intensive method, to show to mankind their appreciation of Mr. Davis's sacrifices and sufferings for his Nation. In no other manner can it be done more fittingly than by erecting on the spot where he was born a magnificent, impressive, and distinguishing structure, which shall stand through the ages as a silent but eloquent tribute to him who bore in his body and soul dreadful punishment and humiliation because he loved and served his people.

This feeling has been intensified by the fact that recently the United States Government has taken over the birthplace of Mr. Lincoln, and arranged that it shall be under the care of the American Nation; and there are thousands of Confederates and their descendants who will insist that the Daughters of the Confederacy concur in the resolve that something equal in splendor and beauty and grandeur should be erected at the place where Mr. Davis was born.

This spirit does not come from the wish to have Mr. Lincoln honored less, but only from the desire to have Mr. Davis honored more. There are a vast number of us who feel that Mr. Davis was a much greater man than Abraham Lincoln, and that justice to his talents, justice to his memory, and a protest against the excruciating humiliations which were heaped upon him by his foes, all demand, with relentless call, that the men and women of the South must do as well for Mr. Davis as the Nation has done for Mr. Lincoln.

This is a period of big things. Little things do not appeal to the human mind in this day and generation. Great things alone can reach the imagination and inspire to the highest and noblest effort.

The chiefest monument builders of the ages were the Egyptians. Their tombs, their mausoleums, their monuments to the dead surpass those of all nations, ancient or modern, and their architects and engineers thought the obelisk the most impressive of all forms of commemorative work. In this country there are four obelisks regarded as the highest in the world. The Washington Monument overshadows all other structures of this kind. It is 555 feet high. It required a Government to build it. The Perry column, Put-in-Bay, Ohio, is 335 feet high. Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Kentucky built this. The Bennington monument (at Bennington, Vt.), built to commemorate the great battle at that point during the Revolutionary period, is 300 feet high. Three States stood behind this memorial. The Bunker Hill monument, for many years the greatest structure of its kind in the world, is 221 feet high. It was made particularly attractive to Americans because Lafayette in 1825 attended the laying of the corner stone, and the speech of Daniel Webster on that occasion has become the world's classic for similar occasions. The London monument, the best in England, built by Sir Christopher Wren, is only 202 feet high.

After Gen. Littlefield and I had looked over the Davis birthplace, we concluded that we could construct something at Fairview that would be majestic and imposing, not only to this generation but to all other generations for a thousand years to come, and we thought of an obelisk 350 feet high. This would make it the highest creation of a similar nature in the world except the one at Washington.

We argued that it was not unreasonable to ask the South and southern sympathizers to do this great thing. We considered that success would only be possible when we projected it on a scale so large that the structure would strike the beholder with awe by its gigantic proportions, and by its immensity create in the human mind profoundest admiration. I do not think anybody will complain because we sought in a sense to overshadow the memorial at Mr. Lincoln's birthplace. The South respects the memory of Mr. Lincoln, but the South adores the memory of Jefferson Davis. Mr. Davis was great enough to command the admiration of all men, but when we consider his sufferings and sacrifices for the South, it is his just reward that somewhere in the Confederate States, which he loved so much and where he lived out his days, there shall rise up some structure which, in so far as art in its feebleness can proclaim, shall declare the love and veneration of the people for whom he gave his all—time, money, place, citizenship, health, and lifelong peace.

Jefferson Davis survived the war for 25 years, but Mr. Davis lived through the sufferings of Fortress Monroe, which have no parallel for their brutality and cruelty in the political history of civilization. He passed with his people through the horrors and persecutions of reconstruction. He was denied citizenship, his humanity was cruelly misjudged and slandered. Every possible effort through perjury and false testimony was used to stain his name or to impugn his motives.

Thank God, he was allowed the privilege of witnessing the restoration of all their rights to the seceding States. He looked over his

beloved South, and saw every political restriction removed, and the people restored to their constitutional rights in the Republic.

Refused amnesty by the Government under whose flag he shed his blood, and for whose glory and renown he had offered his life, he calmly and heroically accepted the result which came to him as Chief Executive of the Confederate States. His ambitions were buried in the grave of the Confederacy. The past was a sealed though a holy memory. Permitted four score years, he let the dead past bury its hopes, and he pointed his people to the future that was full of golden promise. He even prayed for a reunited country. He saw the future as it developed into a complete triumph in all that makes a country great. His beloved Southland grew under the marvelous energies and sagacity of his followers, and its magnificent development won him glory and renown under the leadership of the men who had followed him in the most dreadful war of modern time. The people met bravely the trials and difficulties on every hand. They triumphed wherever truth could prevail, and only great men could win under the tremendous disadvantages they were compelled to face, and their glorious victory in peace brought solace to his spirit, as old age dimmed the forces of his body but left unimpaired his vigorous mind.

God graciously permitted Jefferson Davis to live a quarter of a century after the cessation of the great struggle, on the southern side of which he was the controlling spirit. When the end came, he looked into the face of death without a quiver. His hands were folded in dignified silence; no word of his stirred ungenerous thoughts or actions in the hearts of his compatriots. He suffered with them and passed through the fires and persecutions of reconstruction which have become, to the minds of all reasonable men, the blackest page in our national history. He emerged from the shameful humiliation of Fortress Monroe with the sympathy and respect of the world, and the clanking of the cruel chains which cowardice and malignity fastened upon his limbs only render his reception of the decrees of fate more beautiful and made him a thousand times more beloved by the people for whom these sufferings and humiliations were endured.

The people of his adopted State would gladly have returned him to the United States Senate, from which he retired to take up the leadership of the southern people, but he gently yet firmly declined the proffered honor, recognizing that he could serve and help them best by retiring from all public office. He knew that his reappearance in official position would turn loose bitterest venom and fiercest hate, and with manly and philosophical composure he became a looker-on amid the political conflict of that memorable period of the South's history.

The broad mind of Mr. Davis revealed to him that in taking the Presidency of the Confederate States he had cast the die for success or failure and that if he failed he would become an alien in his native land. He well understood that failure meant that he would become the most powerless of all who might survive the struggle and that thereafter he could do nothing personally to retrieve the fortunes of those who followed him. He measured up to the highest standard among his associates and companions, and he traveled in no company where he was not the equal of his fellow voyagers.

After-sight, so much more effective than foresight in human affairs, does not always indicate the correctness of his judgment or the supremacy of his wisdom, * * * but no just man can honestly

affirm that any other man of the hour would have made fewer mistakes or proceeded differently with better results. Robert E. Lee, who was in a better position to know all the difficulties Mr. Davis faced, said he believed Mr. Davis did as well as any man could, similarly situated, and in the Southland this judgment of Robert E. Lee will remain unchallenged.

Jefferson Davis's courage, loyalty, patriotism, and nobility of soul and heart are enshrined in every southern mind, and that is a better and grander memorial than any human genius can design. His was a magnificent life, so veracious that no man was ever deceived, so intrepid that no duty was ever shirked, and so pure politically that no flaw has ever been found.

Great as was Mr. Davis, superb as he was in the discharge of all the duties that came into his life as President of the Confederate States, yet, my friends, there was something in the gigantic struggle far greater, far grander than Mr. Davis; it was the spirit and courage that animated the people who constituted the nation of which he was the chief executive. While Mr. Davis stands alone, by reason of his integrity and his courage and his eloquence, his faithfulness to duty would have made him great under any circumstances with which his life could have been connected. While all this is true, it is also true that Mr. Davis was greatest in his relations to the men and women who shared with him all the burdens that great struggle brought, who faced heroically with him all the vicissitudes of the fateful days from 1861 to 1865, who supported him with a cheerfulness of sacrifice and a unity of patriotism that renders the brief existence of the Confederate Nation a story of such marvelous heroism that it touches the highest and noblest sentiments of every honest soul.

No nation or country has ever shown such regard for the memories of its soldiers nor built so many monuments to voice and perpetuate their heroism and their valor. Measured by the length of years and the numbers of survivors, the extent of the monumental construction by the southern people surpasses all previous annals. These facts demonstrate the power, the persistence, and the indomitable spirit and unconquerable courage of those who constituted the hosts who then stood for what was held by them to be right. There are more monuments to the Confederate cause than have ever been erected to any cause, civil, political, or religious.

The glory of this fact, my friends, is not due to the men who followed the stars and bars or wore the gray, but to the invincible spirit of the women of the South. There is no memorial to Jefferson Davis which meets the peculiar conditions which attach to his name. Those which have been erected are artistic and bear upon the imperishable granite of which they are constructed much of love and admiration for Mr. Davis, but however beautiful and indestructible they may be, there is nothing in them just grand enough and great enough for this generation to feel that they justly and truly convey to coming generations the full appreciation of Mr. Davis and his relations to the people of the South. So, on the soil of that State where he was born, in the keeping of that Commonwealth that gave Jefferson Davis, Albert Sidney Johnston, John C. Breckinridge, John H. Morgan, Roger W. Hanson, Ben Hardin Helm, and 42,000 valiant sons to the defense of Confederate rights and the creation of Confederate glory, there

ought to be a memorial which will excel and surpass all other monuments built without Government aid, it matters not what cause they represent or what name they bear.

A few enthusiastic and earnest spirits have set about to do this great work. I am here to tell you that at Fairview there is rising, and will be completed soon, an obelisk which will be the highest and most imposing of such structures in the world, except the Washington Monument.

My friends, I do not think this is an unworthy ambition. I do not think you will say the money and energy which will bring these things about are wasted. In the South we have no great monument of the kind that is proposed to be erected. This one, designed and erected, being unique in its plan, in its purpose, and in its grandeur.

The Nation has undertaken the care of the birthplace of Mr. Lincoln in Kentucky. The admirers of Jefferson Davis assure you that his birthplace shall be fittingly cared for. It is understood and believed that Kentucky will do this. As a Kentuckian I declare that the watchful and loving care of that Commonwealth that gave more than 12,000 of its sons to die for the cause of the Southland will see that this park and this monument shall be fully preserved in its beauty, grandeur, and splendor through all the ages to come.

I bring you, comrades, glad tidings about this magnificent memorial. It is now going up at the rate of 5 feet each day. We hope to dedicate it October 22, 1917. Labor and transportation difficulties may interfere, but we have the money substantially in hand, and if not finished this fall, it will be by the time another anniversary of Mr. Davis's birth shall be passed.

This superb monument will stir and quicken the pride of every southern man and woman. We shall watch it as it lifts its graceful lines into the very zones of the clouds, and we rejoice that we have accomplished this great work, and in the name and for the glory of our loved Confederacy have erected a monument that will not only remain through the ages to come but proclaim through this huge pile of voiceless stone the glory, heroism, and imperishable fame of our beloved Southland.

Men who wore the gray, this is your monument. It was not the generals or colonels who made the history of the South the most thrilling story of the ages. It was the men behind the guns, who, starving, barefooted, illy equipped, fought the enemies of their country, oftentimes without hope, and yet always without fear, and remained loyal, brave, and faithful until the end. That made the real essence of Confederate fame.

This memorial, nominally for Mr. Davis, is for us all, and in its gigantic splendor adds another wreath to the grandeur and eternal radiance of Confederate renown.

This superb work is practically accomplished. It is yours to cherish, to cheer, and those of us whose labors have worked out this splendid plan and accomplished this great task place all that is done at your feet and ask you to accept and receive it as our offering to the common glory of Confederate fame.

At the end of Gen. Young's speech he was given tremendous cheers and a vote of thanks was tendered to him, Gens. Littlefield and Carr, and Col. E. H. Taylor, jr., and their associates for their splendid achievement in this great enterprise.

MEMORIAL EXERCISES AT THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, ARLINGTON CEMETERY, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND THE CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

PROCEEDINGS OF WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1917.

EXERCISES AT ARLINGTON CEMETERY.

These exercises were held at the foot of the beautiful monument to the Confederate dead, erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy in the National Cemetery at Arlington. Out of the noble words uttered by that soldier-president, William McKinley, in an address in Atlanta, Ga., shortly after the close of the Spanish-American War, that monument had come. Two hundred and sixty-seven bodies of Confederate soldiers lie around the monument, which is the work of the famous sculptor, Sir Moses Ezekiel. The chief figure is a heroic-sized woman representing the South. Her left hand extended holds a laurel wreath to crown the Confederate dead; her right rests on a plow-stock with a sickle on it and underneath is an inscription which reads, "They have turned their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks." No more beautiful work of art is there in all the environments of Washington.

Memorial service over the Confederate dead, always a special feature of Confederate reunions, was this year as usual under the joint auspices of the United Confederate Veterans and the Confederate Southern Memorial Association. The invocation was by the Rev. Giles B. Cooke, of Portsmouth, Va., chaplain general, United Confederate Veterans, and the only surviving member of the staff of Gen. Stonewall Jackson.

ADDRESS OF BISHOP COLLINS DENNY.

General Herbert then introduced Bishop Collins Denny, the special orator of the occasion, who spoke as follows:

The significance of this monument ought not to be missed. In no other country can such a monument be found, perhaps even in our own it is unique. To make possible the burial here of Confederate soldiers, and over their graves to erect this notable work of genius, many influences combined. The plan was conceived in a camp of Confederate veterans, it was born and nourished in the arms of southern women. In this accomplishment no workers wrought with more credit than the United Daughters of the Confederacy, yet many wrought and there was much credit.

These blessed women of the South, without apology for the glorious part they had taken, the inestimable help they had given the yet untold agonies they had suffered in the war between the States; without the humiliation of the men of the South, dead or living—their fathers, sons, and brothers—who in as fierce, devastating a war

as was ever waged had gone forth to fight, to dare, to die for their dear land; without the denial of a jot of their faith in the right, the justice, the reasonableness of the cause for which all gave all—these women requested of the Federal officials authority to do this work, and when permission was granted, with tender hearts they gathered here the remains of their dead heroes, and over their bodies raised this monument.

If that were all it would be enough to account for your presence here today. But that is by no means all. In truth, the half has not been told.

These graves and this metal molded into beauty are in the Nation's greatest burial place, in the midst of the Nation's most beloved, renowned, and illustrious dead; they are in its custody, are under its protection, and are its property. They are here by the consent of the Nation, by the act of your former foes. Those who won ungrudgingly gave to those who lost a place to erect a tribute to their dead. Without that consent, without that formal enactment of the Congress of the United States, no monument to the Confederacy could stand here under the shadow of the Capitol's dome. The Congress taking that needed step and taking it unanimously was not controlled by southern men, the Government officials were not of southern birth. Of you these ancient foes asked no apology for anything you had done, specifically they demanded no confession of wrong intended or accomplished in a war that left your land a desert, blackened with its ruins, covered with its ashes, furrowed with its graves, a war they found to be no child's play, but which strained their great resources to the utmost. Those men met your petition for the warrant to honor your dead not with a challenge to a contest in forum or in field, not with the sting of the taunting conqueror, but with a knightliness as honorable to them as it was gracious to you, and they joined with you in the dedication of this memorial to your dead.

Here is a magnanimity, a greatness of soul, worthy to be the theme of story and of song, and the South will not stint her appreciation nor her praise. Gladly she accords everything she claims. With you there is no question of the patriotism and the courage of the men of the North, and this monument is the seal of your full and frank admission of their exalted chivalry.

The time has passed in this country when men enlightened in mind and manly in heart can speak to their brothers of returning prodigals and of calves killed to satisfy their hunger. The once potent catchwords of a blind and fallacious prejudice are no longer influential nor tolerable. All men of wisdom know that humiliation is not an ingredient of national unity, that to ask men to forfeit their self-respect, to deny, or even to conceal their honest opinions, is not an emollient, but an acid, indeed a deadly poison, to all true manhood.

By those qualified to judge and that without regard to section it is now universally admitted that you men of the South did not create the causes of that sad and terrible war nor were these causes distinctly a southern product. They were nation wide and your generation inherited them and not from your immediate ancestors. They were in the facts of our national life the joint contribution of our revolutionary and colonial forefathers North and South. They were sown in the Constitution itself and were seen and noted,

but could not be prevented by the men who wrought out that amazing document. With the makers of the Constitution there was a vague and feeble hope that the division in sentiment, in prejudice, in purpose, in interpretation, which ran deep down into the subsoil of that compact of astonishingly able compromises, might be healed by a slow first intention of our developing Federal Union, that our opportunities, our interests, our necessities, our dangers might prevent infection of the wound of division and produce a healthy granulation of sound living tissue.

Our form of government was an experiment, an acknowledged experiment. Its framers feared its failure; some predicted that it would fail; some few foresaw and foretold a bloody conflict, certain but unavoidable. Through long decades, in every known forum, on every hustings, with an ability never excelled, with a learning as exhaustive as the available records made possible, the greatest and best-trained intellects of the country argued, they discussed, they disputed. Neither section consistently maintained one interpretation. Each shifted its position according to its interests or its necessities. Only in your boyhood did the two sections crystallize into diverse opinions. You were born into the settled belief that at your option you had a right to secede, a right inherent in the undisputed sovereignty of the States, a right proclaimed in these words by the Virginia convention when it ratified the Constitution, "the powers granted under this Constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed by them whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression;" and you acted on the conviction that your democracy, your liberty, and your honor made secession a necessity. The men you fought were born into the honest persuasion that the Constitution did not provide for the disruption of the States, that secession was ruinous and wrong, that if need be unwillingly you must be held in the Union, even at the expense of a fratricidal war, and when you seceded they made war. Secession was no sudden expedient. You believed it to be a lamentable and a last necessity. Only with agony did you break the bond your forefathers had given their blood to form.

With these honest, opposite, and firm convictions the war was inevitable. Nothing but the red blood of hearts, precious alike in the North and in the South, could fill the crevice left in the foundation of our Government. That blood superabundantly shed completely filled that crevice and this monument above these honored and ever-beloved heroes of the South, hard by the honored and ever-beloved heroes of the North—Americans all—is the material and sufficient evidence of a country genuinely reunited, of a people once more living harmoniously together in the house which their fathers had builded, with the old controversy forever settled, the old wound forever healed. This monument is not the memorial of a bloody division; it is the seal of a fraternal union. Our history, it has been discovered, is a succession of surprises. Here is the greatest surprise in the history of the Republic. To one who simply reads of this monument, the story is but a fable; it needs a pilgrimage to make it a fact.

True, it is a Confederate monument and rightly the work of one who wore the gray and shared in its renown, a son of genius, who in his youth on a bloody field, in his native Virginia, helped to plant his victorious banner on the captured cannon of his foe. Into it he put the tender experiences of his youth, the love of his land that did not die. Here he is to rest, his own work his halo.

We can not, as we ought not, to forget you old veterans, nor your comrades who sleep in our soil. Heroes all, we hail you. With your blood you wrote the epic of your manhood and no true man would now obliterate one word. Indelible is your record, and the climb of the centuries will but brighten your deeds. Never can we become so ungrateful as to forget how in your youth the South stripped herself to very nakedness, gave exhaustingly her last resources, gave the lives of her dearest and her best, gave all save honor. In these precious gifts we find the invulnerable, the unassailable, the inexpugnable proofs of your sincere patriotism, of the honesty of your convictions, of your ingenuous purpose. Unabashed in the light of the glory of the courage and success and sacrifice of her sons and daughters the South can look the world in the face and hear her record read.

You and your comrades were never cursed with that infirmity of mind, that utter lack of chivalry to the man you fought, that inability

To honor while you struck him down
The foe that came with fearless eyes.

Not in the least do you abate your admiration and respect for the firm courage, the tenacious purpose, the heroic resistance of the men who made so bloody your three days work at Manassas, nor for those at Chancellorsville, who even when surprised, so manfully struck back. You rightly give hearty praise to the men at Gettysburg, whom even you, flushed with a success almost unbelievable, could not drive from Culps Hill, Cemetery Ridge, and Little Round Top. We must give honor to the men who made your fight so hard, your many victories ultimately so unavailing; and we do give it readily and without reserve. All the glory, all the benefit of those days of deadly strife are now the common heritage of all Americans. To the world, and to each other, Americans have shown what they can accomplish when they are put to the crucial test, and how at the last they can accept the result.

Beside this monument you softened asperities, you allayed suspicions, you buried old jealousies, you abandoned old feuds, you renounced old enmities, you dissipated all legendary causes of bitterness, you discarded all unholy partisanship, you repudiated all divisive discord, and you obliterated all scars. In this hour all differences die. Now, not simply does the blue touch the gray—the two are interwoven. America is united.

While we are gathered here to honor our dead who fell for our cause, and to greet their surviving comrades, the storm of another war breaks on us. We did not want this war; honestly and patiently we tried to avoid it. Long time we bore abundant tribulation, submitted to unprovoked wrong. Ardently we hoped, eagerly we worked, fervently we prayed that this cup might pass from us. A just and merciful God, our God and the God of our fathers, saw it was not wise to grant our yearning for peace, and permitted the scourge of

Europe to make war on us, whether as a just punishment of our grievous and heinous and manifold sins and wickedness, which we acknowledge and bewail, or as a necessary discipline for the service and sacrifice we owe and only thus can pay to a sadly stricken world, or as a test that the present and future generations may see what God has wrought out in this new world with a people who a little while ago were not a people, or for all these reasons combined we do not know. Our part now is with humbled hearts and worshipful spirits, with unflinching courage and grim tenacity, to tread our appointed path to the very end, and not to halt until we shall have finished our allotted work.

Is this generation equal to the task? Looking backward to your day we see what sacrifice, what pain, what agony, what death awaits the sons and daughters of America. Woe worth the day. They enter a veritable *via dolorosa*. As we remember how heroically you men and you women of the South and of the North fought your fight, did your work, fully met your obligations, counted not your lives dear unto yourselves, and as we remember that these who now under your old eyes go into the mouth of this hell are the bone of your bone and the flesh of your flesh, we believe they will not be false to their fathers. We can not but believe they can do what you did, can suffer what you suffered, can starve as you starved, can also walk as you walked with victorious tread through the fiery flames of battle; and they will. We can ask no more of them. No more have men ever done; no more can men ever do. For them, with the blessing of God, we can ask no more than that they may have such leaders as you followed. You will not think me narrow, nor prejudiced, nor sectional, if I pray, God send our boys a Lee and a Jackson. Then even your deeds will be equalled. One blast upon their bugle horns would make you young again, and will make your sons the victors.

Look for a moment at what is involved. This is not simply a question of the disturbance of our accustomed life, nor is it a question concerning the luxuries of human rights—of the right to sell in the marts of the world, or to travel in peace along its ancient paths. It is more than a matter of the denial of American rights. It is a question of the very essence of human rights. Everything that men hold dear is at stake. Never before was the world in such a chaos. Order has been dethroned. Law has been assassinated. Ruthless hands are on the throat of liberty, a knife is at the heart of Christian civilization. Not to act is to attempt to live at peace with crime, but it is impossible to live at peace with crime. We are in this war determined, God helping us, that freedom shall not perish in the earth, for should liberty in Europe die to-day, it will be buried in America to-morrow.

Here, as by the mound on the Plain of Marathon, patriotism may gain force, here as amid the ruins of Ionia piety may grow warmer, for this also is historic and holy ground. Standing beside this monument, so full of significance, surrounded by our immortal dead, in the presence of our living heroes, now grown gray, we renew the vow of our fathers, and mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor that, by the blessing of God, our land shall not furnish the grave for the liberty they so hardly won, that having lived upon the heritage they left us, we will not shirk the responsibility its possession inevitably entails. We will not sell

our birthright of freedom for an illusory peace that in such a bargain is but a mess of pottage. We will not sit supinely down and see our children robbed of what we hold in trust for them. We will not condone the theft of this treasure, even at the price of peace. Remembering whose sons we are we can not by our cowardice prove recreant to our fathers. Since, in a defensive war, fight we must, fight we will. May God speedily send us a victory

That throws over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret;

and a peace so full of benefit to our foes, as to leave in their hearts no place for bitterness.

INTRODUCTION OF GEN. ELL TORRANCE, PAST COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

After the loud applause with which Bishop Denny's speech was punctuated, lasting long after the oration was completed, Gen. Herbert said:

Ladies and gentlemen, and comrades: Among the many messages of cheer from the North that came to us here in Washington while we were preparing for this reunion, was a letter to me from Gen. Ell Torrance, of Minneapolis, Minn. Gen. Torrance's services to his country during the war were recognized after its close by his elevation to the position of commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. No soldier, North or South, did more than did Gen. Torrance while he occupied that high position, to reunite his country; and some weeks ago he wrote me the beautiful letter, already given to the public, in which he sent "from comrades in blue" \$100 as a contribution to the expenses of our reunion, and \$25 with which to buy a wreath to honor our dead. With this money a beautiful wreath has been bought and at my request it will be placed, after Gen. Torrance has spoken, on the graves for which it is intended, by Capt. Beall, commander of Camp 171 in this city.

I now present Gen. Torrance.

ADDRESS OF GEN. ELL TORRANCE, OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

GEN. TORRANCE: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, Confederate friends, Americans all, first let me express my deep appreciation of the admirable address just delivered by Bishop Denny. He has spoken most eloquently and patriotically, not only in behalf of the Confederate soldier but for the Union soldier as well, and for all Americans.

Not until a few moments ago was I aware that I would be called upon to speak at this time, and I shall find difficulty in expressing what is struggling in my heart for utterance.

Arlington is beautiful beyond compare—beautiful for situation and nationally sacred because of its memories. These memories are of a most inspiring and refining nature. They are interwoven with chivalric manhood and noble womanhood. They speak of heroic deeds and priceless sacrifices, of tears and tender ministries. They are like violets that carpet the graves of our beloved dead.

I have journeyed fifteen hundred miles to share with you, my Confederate friends, the pleasures of this reunion, and I can not express

the measure of satisfaction and happiness it gives me to be with you. The occasion is one that has no parallel in the world's history. It will constitute a luminous page in our country's annals, which future generations will contemplate with reverence and pride.

Our meeting here to-day under the solemn and delightful circumstances that have brought us together, declares to all the World that in America love reigns and hatred is dead. It illustrates the triumph of that which is best in human character, and is notice to the world that America is great enough to adjust her own differences, however serious they may be, with honor and justice to all.

What marvelous changes have been wrought since the close of the Civil War. Then we were enemies, now we are friends; then clouds and darkness were round about us, now bright skies widen our horizon and we walk together in amity and peace. Only brave men can do this, and we honor ourselves and add to the immortality of our great commanders by exhibiting that nobility of character which so distinguished them. As survivors of the armies of Grant and Lee we are the special guardians of the Nation's honor and welfare. It was through our sacrifices and mighty blows that these sovereign States were welded into a more perfect union. The soldiers in gray with fiery enthusiasm, dauntless courage, and reckless sacrifice contended for liberty in the *independence* of the States, while the soldiers in blue, with unfaltering purpose, contended for liberty in the *union* of the States, and fortunately for both North and South and for the world the Union remained unbroken.

It was a hard and bitter fight, as all family quarrels are, but when we were through we understood and respected each other better.

It was an American war, as every veteran present who participated in the Battles of Murfreesboro, Shiloh, Chickamauga, Franklin, Nashville, Antietam, Malvern Hill, and Gettysburg can testify. Those fields of strife were not made glorious by Hessians or by soldiers that fought for hire, but by men of stout convictions and high resolves.

I have some times thought that the Confederate soldier in one important respect had the better of the contest, for he generally fought on the defensive and on his native heath. I recall the Gettysburg campaign, and the feeling of indignation I experienced when I learned that the Confederate Army had entered my native State, and when my regiment crossed the Maryland line I felt an electric shock as I set my foot upon Pennsylvania soil, and resolved to fight as never before to drive out the "invaders." And so it must have been when we carried the war into every part of the South. You could not well avoid regarding us as "invaders," and it nerved you to deeds of unparalleled sacrifice and valor, and must have left in the hearts of many a deep feeling of resentment. The fact that these resentments and the bitter feeling unavoidably created by a Civil War have been by you buried in oblivion's grave, is a high tribute to you, and commands the highest respect of those who were once arrayed in arms against you.

At an early age I entered the Army of the North in response to the call to save the Union. That call awakened my soul and sounded through my being like the melody of sweet bells summoning me to worship. I entered the Army with something of my mother's gentle spirit and at the close of the war returned home with a light and happy heart to receive her approving smile, but even in the hour of victory

my sympathy went out to the Confederate soldiers and to the stricken South. Elated as I was when the armies of Lee and Johnson surrendered, chiefly because it meant the close of the fratricidal strife, I felt that the surrender of the men in gray and the capture of their arms and flags would be of little avail if we could not win their confidence and esteem.

And so during all the years that have elapsed I have done what I could to heal the Nation's wounds. I have on many occasions contended that some among us would be spared to see the day when the South would render a conspicuous service to the Union. I remembered that the South was conservative and was more thoroughly American than any other part of the great Republic; that it could be depended upon to defend the principles underlying constitutional liberty as established by the fathers. In the North people from all parts of the world came in large numbers. They had little knowledge of American institutions, and the fire under the melting pot was, through neglect and perhaps from the increased wealth of our people, permitted to smolder, so that evils of many varieties and of distressing force have arisen to threaten the welfare of our beloved land. Do not understand that I in any way reflect upon the North, for its problems have been many and most perplexing, but I must say that my faith in the steadfastness and integrity of the South is firm, and for many years has been unshaken.

But I must not detain you longer. My visit to Washington at this time has given me the deepest satisfaction. Your reunion has been most successful, and you can not avoid the feeling that the heart of the Nation goes out to you in affection and friendship.

In all probability I will not look upon your faces again. If it were in my power I would put the vigor of youth in the old and bent frames of you my Confederate friends. I would strew your pathway with flowers, and fill your hearts with happiness, and if my dust should finally rest in this beautiful and magnificent cemetery of the Nation's heroes, I would be content if on my tomb were inscribed these simple words:

"Here lies the body of a Union soldier, who was a friend of the Confederate."

The applause that had been frequent during the speech was enthusiastic at its close.

ADDRESS OF CAPT. FRED BEALL, COMMANDER OF CAMP NO. 171,
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Upon being introduced, Capt. Beall said:

Employing the beautifully appropriate words just uttered by Gen. Torrance in reference to the splendid address of Bishop Denny, permit me to paraphrase the same and apply them to his own elegant address. So, "Let me express my deep appreciation of the admirable address just delivered by Gen. Torrance. He has spoken most eloquently and patriotically, not only in behalf of the Confederate soldier, but for the Union soldier as well, and for all Americans."

In behalf of the Confederate soldiers I return most cordial thanks and assurance of most sincere appreciation of all that Gen. Torrance

has said. Not only do we appreciate the beautiful words and kind sentiment which Gen. Torrance has expressed, all of which we most cordially reciprocate, but in behalf of the United Confederate Veterans Association and all its allied associations, I beg to convey to Gen. Torrance assurances of the profoundest appreciation for the beautiful and tasteful wreath which he has contributed for the Confederate monument. None but a noble man with a generous soul and patriotic heart could perform an act so beautiful and inspiring. I feel greatly honored that I have been selected to receive this testimonial of confidence and respect from one who was a brave, true, gallant soldier in the Union Army, and I accept it most gratefully and will place it upon that beautiful monument that stands out before us typifying the cause around which cluster memories that will ever be sweet and sacred to the heart of every true southern man and woman.

I feel that the southern people, especially the southern soldiers, to a large extent have always been misunderstood by the people of the North and that full and due credit has not been given to our faithfulness and integrity to the paroles which we received in 1865.

When as a result of the war we transferred our allegiance from the Southern Confederacy to the United States, we did it in perfect good faith, and no true Confederate veteran has ever violated, or desired to violate, or attempted to violate his parole.

We contemplate with the greatest pride the record of the South before the war, during the war, and since the war.

I thank Gen. Torrance for those generous and excellent words wherein he said, "I remembered that the South was conservative and more thoroughly American than any part of the great Republic; that it could be depended upon to defend the principles underlying constitutional liberty as established by the fathers."

Our history is behind us, and a great future looms up before us. We now strike hands as friends determined to make America felt in the great world war that is now being waged in Europe. We stand as one man for the honor and integrity of the United States and beneath the folds of Old Glory our soldiers will go forth to do battle in a cause of which there is no doubt as to its righteousness nor as to its final success. When the end comes, we will have a better world than now, and the United States will be a still greater and grander power than ever, for genuine democracy, for universal peace and good will among men.

Capt. Beall then, amid the loud applause that followed his remarks, extended his right hand to Gen. Torrance, and while the two thus stood with clasped hands the cheers that went up from the great multitude betokened not grief for the dead who were lying around, but thanks for a great victory of which all America was thereafter to reap the fruits. When silence was restored, Capt. Beall placed on the Confederate monument the beautiful wreath that had been contributed by their "comrades in blue."

CLOSE OF THE EXERCISES.

The roll of honor of the United Confederate Veterans was then read by Adj. Gen. William E. Mickle. Then Miss D. L. M. Hodgson, recording secretary, Confederate Southern Memorial Association, read the roll of honor of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association. A quartette sang "How Firm a Foundation," the marine band accompanying.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, president general, Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and who now presided, as a last word, delivered an eloquent and touching speech, of which unfortunately there is no copy at hand. Then came the decoration of the graves which encircle the monument, and taps was sounded at the close of the interesting ceremonies.

PROCEEDINGS OF THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1917.

THE CONFEDERATE PARADE.

[Reprinted from the Confederate Veteran of July, 1917, Nashville, Tenn.]

Washington was in expectancy about the parade and was not disappointed, for the Confederate veterans staged a pageant more moving than had ever appeared on its streets, and the like of which will never be seen there again. Up historic Pennsylvania Avenue, where the victorious army in blue had passed in review before President Lincoln more than 50 years ago, the veterans of the Confederacy now marched, a pathetic remnant of a once glorious army. Not in the consciousness of defeat, but with faith still in the right, they followed proudly their old banners waving by the Stars and Stripes, and were none the less loyal to the one that another was now their flag—the Stars and Stripes forever. Such a sight was never before seen and could hardly be repeated in the history of the world. It was a moving spectacle, pathetic and inspiring. The Confederate veterans, marching to the music of "Dixie" and other thrilling southern airs, aroused enthusiasm that had never before been stirred by the magnificent spectacles of the Capital City.

At the head of the parade floated the Stars and Bars in unison with the Stars and Stripes. Following close came Chief Marshal Hilary A. Herbert, with Col. Robert E. Lee, assistant marshal, and attendant aides. A richly decorated auto bore the Commander in Chief, George P. Harrison, with Adjutant General William E. Mickle and former Commanders in Chief Irvine C. Walker and Bennett H. Young. In the Grand Army escort, led by Col. Myron H. Parker, were Gen. E. W. Whitaker, who was present at the surrender of Gen. Lee, and other prominent members of the organization. In the auto following were the sponsor for the South, Miss Mary Custis Lee; the matron of honor, Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer; Mrs. Josephus Daniels; and Misses Storey and Green, maids of honor. The Confederated Southern Memorial Association came next, with Mrs. W. J. Behan, president, and her staff.

The line of veterans was interspersed, as usual, with leaders on horseback and in autos, with attendant fair daughters of Dixie representing different commands and divisions of the U. C. V. When the Louisiana division came in sight, Chief Justice White, who was one of the "boys in gray," left his seat in the reviewing stand and joined his comrades, marching past with them. The naval veterans in autos made a good showing and were liberally cheered. The Sons of Veterans, a thousand strong, were led by Commander in Chief Baldwin, with Adjutant in Chief Forrest. A pleasing feature of this section was the float bearing the Confederate choir, singing patriotic anthems and the songs of the Southland, led by Mrs. Hampden Osborne. A children's choir filled another float, the pretty little girls dressed in red, white, and blue.

Moving between two solid lines of cheering humanity, the veterans in gray finished their march by passing in review before President

Wilson, who was attended by prominent persons connected with the Government and representatives of foreign countries. It was a proud moment for them to come thus before their President, who so evidently enjoyed their enthusiastic greetings and smilingly received their offers to go to France or anywhere he wished to send them, also the suggestion to "Call on us if the boys can't do it." And he paid them the tribute to remain in the reviewing stand until the last veteran had passed, notwithstanding the heavy downpour of rain which made the last participants in the parade do a quickstep for shelter.

Many noted commands were represented in the parade and brought out rousing cheers. The Stonewall Brigade, the Orphan Brigade of Kentucky, Cobb's Georgia Legion, Kershaw's South Carolinians, Barksdale's Mississippians, the Louisiana "Tigers," and Washington Artillery, Forrest's Cavalry, the uniformed companies from Tennessee, and others received enthusiastic attention.

The military of the present day made a magnificent showing in the parade. More than a thousand cadets from the Virginia Military Institute took part and were especially admired and applauded. The High School Cadets of Washington were equally strong, while 2,300 young soldiers from Fort Myer, near Washington, gave the opportunity to see the result of their intensive training. This section was under the command of Brig. Gen. William E. Harvey, commandant of the District National Guard, and brought the parade to a close.

AS SEEN BY A NORTHERN WRITER.

[Reprinted from the Philadelphia Press.]

One of the best accounts of this notable and ever memorable Confederate Veterans' parade was written by a northern newspaper correspondent for a northern newspaper—Richard J. Beamish, in the Philadelphia Press:

To-day I saw the Grand Army of the Confederacy on its last great parade. It came as the climax of the last national reunion of those who fought for the lost cause with Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

No more pathetic spectacle ever has been witnessed in Washington than that which unfolded and dissolved like a dream this morning. Like a dream it will remain in the memory of those who looked with seeing eyes.

THREE FLAGS THERE.

From all parts of the South they came, these who gave their all to follow Jefferson Davis and his generals in their unavailing effort for secession. Above the creeping line flew the rebel Stars and Bars. Rebel battle flags that had flashed forward to victory at Bull Run and that had been driven from Pennsylvania soil at Gettysburg showed their shell-torn tatters through protective webs of silk as they were lifted high above the stooping ranks. But beside the cross-barred flag floated Old Glory and upon the withered chests of the men in gray gleamed the tricolor that spells both France and America.

No inauguration procession within the memory of Washington brought forth enthusiasm that compared at all with that which swept over the hundreds of thousands who saw the thin gray line to-day.

It had no shimmer of gold lace, no rich investiture to vie with hundreds of parades that this city of gorgeous spectacles has known. But it did have more poignant humanity, more direct appeal to the American heart than all the processions that have preceded it.

Every rank had its distinctive note. Every little gray group held a cheer-compelling or a tear-compelling motive.

Never can I forget that last rank of the Arkansas division. We were waiting opposite the President's stand fronting the White House. There was the usual flutter of rebel flags, the usual applause as the fine, old commanders of the division on their sedate liveried horses paced by. Then came the ranks on foot. Clad in the peculiar gray of the southern backwoods, they came with the slow, silent movement of on-creeping age. Almost involuntarily my eyelids narrowed to get the full effect of the drifting gray haze.

LIKE A WORK OF ART.

As it crept up to the stand the fog resolved itself into its human elements. Faces made noble by war-time sacrifice and by hardships nobly endured stood out softly in the mist, each like a Moses carved from cloud by a Michael Angelo. Never have I seen such fitting of leonine mane and beard to the human countenance as in the rank that came last. Never have I seen such majesty of Americanism as in the slow, loving salute with which they turned their faded eyes and withered hands toward the President. It was an expression of eternity, of the unquenched and unquenchable spirit that, please God, will hold America together while life lasts.

But the unforgettable feature of that rear rank was not the faces carved from cloud, nor yet the majesty of its salute. It was a plain, old woman of the Arkansas backwoods at the end of the line near the President. Little and bent she was, and in all rusty black. Her black bonnet was of another era and her dress was of no recognizable period, but no woman in all Washington, not Mary Custis Lee, who combines all the bloods for which the South gladly faced death, not the beautiful wife of the President in her modish and becoming raiment, nor any other woman in or out of the long parade, received half the attention or one-tenth of the honor that followed the little, old woman of Arkansas. For she walked with her hand in that of her dauntless lover. Close to 90 was he and feeble almost unto death, but the spirit that rode with Stuart kept him moving slowly, painfully, steadily on. His weariness was such that his head fell forward upon his chest. It was only by the full force of an imperious and unshaken will that he lifted his eyes from the cruelly hot asphalt to salute with a heart-breaking effort at old-time gallantry the President of the United States.

The little woman in black steadied him when he faltered and he took her arm up the gentle slope of the hill opposite the Treasury Building. During the mercifully frequent halts she fanned him with a crumpled newspaper, whispering low to him as she did so. Then the command to resume the march came. She took his hand and on she drifted with her man, a black edge to the fog of living gray.

Hundreds of helpers besides the little woman in black were among the 10,000 in the slow, gray line. Daughters and sons were there to lend cheer and helpful arms to men who were dare-devils in the great

days of the sixties. Thousands in line marched with firm steps, but these were plainly the drummer boys and the school lads of the Confederacy.

Gaily decked automobiles with southern women waving Confederate flags and the allied colors of this new-made war of ours were gay spots in the procession. Sons of the Confederacy in gray and some in khaki were quickly-moving portions of the various divisions. More than 30,000 all told were in the remarkable parade.

But all the real interest centered in the old men, the veterans who had come from all over the South for one last sing-song, one farewell word with their buddies of rebel days.

STILL READY TO FIGHT.

Just to show how they felt about the little affair into which we have just entered they carried banners, some of which read:

"Damn a man who ain't for his country, right or wrong."

"Call on us if the boys can't do it."

"We'll go to France or anywhere you want to send us."

While the slow, gray drift was still passing the President a sudden, fierce rainstorm broke, drenching those in line and most of the hundred thousand onlookers. The beribboned automobiles streamed out of line for shelter. The cadets broke rank and ran. The horsemen urged their patient mounts to cover, but the old fellows in gray drifted steadily and impassively along through the storm.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE VETERANS.

A number of resolutions relating to historical and business matters were adopted, which are not considered pertinent to this publication.

A strong resolution offered by Samuel W. Williams, former attorney general of Virginia, was adopted, pledging support of the organization to the Government in the present war "on the unsullied honor of true Confederate soldiers."

By unanimous consent, the following resolution was submitted to the convention and adopted without a dissenting voice:

Resolved, That the United Confederate Veteran Association has heard with great satisfaction the report of the officials of the Jefferson Davis Home Association of the assured erection at Fairview, Ky., the birthplace of Jefferson Davis, of an obelisk, the second highest monument in the world, and hereby returns to Gen. Bennett H. Young, Gen. George W. Littlefield, Gen. Julian S. Carr, Col. Edmond Haynes Taylor, jr., and all others who have contributed in money or labor in aid of such a monument its grateful thanks not only for their labor, but for their magnificent donations to that purpose; and all the members of the association, in so far as possible, pledge themselves to attend the unveiling of this splendid memorial on the 22d of October, 1917, when it will be finally dedicated to commemorate the character and life of Jefferson Davis and the heroism of the men and women of the South in the struggle of its people for a national life. This association thanks all officers and subscribers to said association for the successful efforts in this grand enterprise.

The following resolution was adopted with great enthusiasm:

Whereas Mrs. John M. Briggs, of Briggsdale, Ohio, for many years, in face of threats and much persecution, yearly scattered flowers over the graves of the 2,460 Confederate soldiers who died while in military prisons and whose graves were neglected and overgrown with briars, brambles, weeds, and bushes, and who persisted in this beautiful service without outside cooperation or assistance for many years: Be it

Resolved, That hereafter in the history of this association she shall be honored and known as the "Confederate angel of Camp Chase."

Mrs. Briggs was presented to the convention and all during her stay in Washington was the recipient of marked attention.

THANKS TO THE CAPITAL CITY.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
Washington, D. C., June 7, 1917.

GENERAL ORDERS }
No. 14. }

With intense satisfaction the general commanding announces the termination of the Twenty-Seventh Annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, in many respects the most remarkable in the history of the organization.

The heart of every member of this glorious federation has been deeply touched by the warm welcome given the survivors of the Confederate armies as they passed in parade through the streets of the Capital City. The admiring and cheering crowds which greeted them in their march from the start to the finish will live in their memories throughout time. Never in the history of Washington has its hospitality been taxed to this extent, nor the crowds been so great within her gates, all of whom shared in the plaudits which greeted these old soldiers on all sides.

The Stars and Bars and the Stars and Stripes floating side by side as the column marched up Pennsylvania Avenue, their folds commingling in one flag, are but an evidence of the unanimity of feeling and sentiment which fills the entire country, which is justly regarded as one and indivisible. It was a source of pleasure to all that the strains of the national anthem and "Dixie" met in common applause.

The great results of this gathering in this city of Washington, which was the first meeting ever held outside of the "Land of Dixie," has been to remove wholly all sectional feeling and animosity and unite in one country all sections of the land, to promote patriotism, and stimulate enlistment.

It is a source of unqualified pleasure that the President of the United States should have welcomed the veterans to the Capital and to have sat on the reviewing stand as the column passed by.

It is most gratifying that the arrangements made by the various committees should have moved on so smoothly. Barring the slight hitches that might have been looked for, everything passed in the most orderly manner; and the thanks of the Confederate Veterans are due and hereby extended to Col. Robert N. Harper, general chairman, and Mr. H. F. Cary, chairman of the finance committee; but particular thanks are due to the railroads for the low rates which they gave to the veterans and for the successful manner in which they handled the vast crowds of feeble old men. To all these and to every man, woman, and child of the city of Washington, not the least of whom are the Boy Scouts, the general commanding returns his grateful thanks.

By command of

GEO. P. HARRISON,
General Commanding.

WM. E. MICKLE,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION

OF

THE CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

HELD IN

WASHINGTON, D. C.

JUNE 4-7, 1917

THE CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

PROCEEDINGS OF MONDAY JUNE 4, 1917.

SESSION AT NEW WILLARD HOTEL.

This association of Confederate women met in its eighteenth annual convention in Washington, D. C., June 4, 1917. The opening session was at the New Willard Hotel.

The attendance was much more numerous than usual and the enthusiasm was unbounded. For the first time in the history of the organization, the convention was held north of the Mason and Dixon line. If any doubt ever existed as to the welcome these Confederate women were to receive, all such doubts were quickly dispelled by the hearty greetings extended on all sides.

The meeting was presided over by Mrs. Robert H. Jones, the vice president, and daughter of Gen. O. D. Branch, of Raleigh, N. C., who was killed in the Battle of Antietam.

The invocation was made by Right Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, rector of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., as follows:

May the hosts of the great-hearted Southland gather here to-day and commingle with their generous and active brethren from the North. Grant, Oh Lord, that we may bring to this work, not only the invincible vigor of American power, but also that Christian spirit which our fathers of the North and the South have been teaching us, that we may draw closer and multiply occasions of harmony and charity. Loosen, we beseech Thee, in all hearts the currents of mutual affection and good will, that our National Capital may behold an ever-increasing devotion to the principles on which this glorious Republic was founded, and which Thou hast preserved intact. May this vast concourse of thy beloved children from every Southern State be a happy omen to that perfect union of hearts on which repose our strength in peace and our irresistible power in the hour of conflict.

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON.

In expressing regret that he could not attend the meeting, the President wrote:

I wish with all my heart that it were possible for me to accede to the request to attend your meeting, as my inclination prompts, but I am bound in duty to decline, because I find that, even with the utmost concentration upon the duties of the day, I have not time enough in 24 hours to perform them properly, and that it would be a dereliction on my part to withdraw my attention, even for such an object as has been suggested.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY MRS. J. E. MULCARE.

Mrs. J. E. Mulcare, president District division United Daughters of the Confederacy, welcomed the delegates in the following gracious words:

Officers and delegates of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, I am here to greet you, to give you our hands and hearts, to tell you that all Washington salutes and bids you welcome. Are we not forced to a great realization of what a great and good country this is when we stop to think that, 52 years after the close of the War between the States, all Confederate organizations are invited to the Capital of our reunited country, that homage and honor be shown to them, not only by friends, but by our former foes? As time goes on, the heroism of the Confederate soldier is in the ascendancy, and the noble and beautiful work of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association will ever live in history and in the hearts of our people.

RESPONSE OF GEN. GEORGE P. HARRISON.

Gen. George P. Harrison, commander in chief United Confederate Veterans, in response paid a tribute to the women of the South, in the course of which he said:

It was the women of the South who sustained us in the darkest hours we ever knew. God bless them. How can we ever repay them?

He spoke of the difficulty encountered in convincing the people of the hearty welcome awaiting them in Washington, and then commented on the fact that a southern man is Chief Executive of the Nation, and another southerner, Chief Justice Edward D. White, heads the bench of the Supreme Court, and Confederate veterans are among the leaders in the Halls of Congress.

MRS. ODENHEIMER'S GREETING.

Mrs. Cordelia Powell Odenheimer, president general United Daughters of the Confederacy, then extended a greeting to the Memorial women, the key to which was this expression:

Of all the things I am most proud of, it is that I am a daughter of a Confederate soldier and of a mother who gave her strength and her time to the war relief work of 1861.

REMARKS OF MR. ERNEST G. BALDWIN, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The next speaker was Mr. Ernest G. Baldwin, commander in chief Sons of Confederate Veterans. He extolled the women of the South, saying:

I wish that the same loving inspiration and cooperation given by the women of the sixties may be given to the men of to-day, that

they may live true to the glorious traditions of their forefathers, and with strength and courage rise to meet the no less serious duties of the hour.

To you faithful women of the sixties, I bid you Godspeed in your splendid memorial work, and my prayer is that we may ever have near us such perfect women, nobly planned, to warn, to comfort, and to command.

ADDRESS OF MRS. W. J. BEHAN, THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Mrs. Jones then turned the convention over to Mrs. W. J. Behan, president general of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association. Mrs. Behan, after thanking the speakers for their hearty greetings, said:

This is indeed a great and glorious country. Nowhere under the sun could there be found such a magnificent outpouring of our people, from the North and from the South, from the East and the West, all here, forgetful of the great struggle from 1861 to 1865, and pledging their honor, their faith, their lives if need be, to the service of this reunited country. When our beloved commander, Robert E. Lee, surrendered at Appomattox, our hearts were grief stricken, the whole South was bathed in tears, and our own battle flag was furled. At that time we could not realize that the final issue was directed by a higher power, but we submitted, feeling that we had made a good fight and only succumbed to an overwhelming force. Since that time the Confederate soldiers and the women of the South have directed their efforts and their energy to the rebuilding of our reunited country. We see now, that which we could not see in the hour of defeat, that God the Father in His wisdom ordained that this great Nation should be one and indivisible. We see now that this reunited country with the loyal people of the South and the North combined is prepared to make a successful war against autocracy and militarism in the name of liberty and humanity. The spirit of patriotism is just as strong in the ranks of the Memorial women to-day as it was in the sixties, and we are here ready to do our part in the impending crisis, this great world war. To-day our women are banded together to do Red Cross work, which is identical with that performed by our mothers and grandmothers during the War between the States. We are here to-day, standing side by side with the women of the North, who were engaged in relief work and cared for the men of the North as tenderly as did the women of the sixties for the southern boys. To-day we stand side by side under the same flag, the Star-Spangled Banner of our forefathers.

The regular business of the association was transacted and its eighteenth annual convention was adjourned.

OF

JUNE 4-7, 1917

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL REUNION OF THE SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

PROCEEDINGS OF MONDAY, JUNE 4, 1917.

MEETING AT THE ARCADE.

The opening meeting of the twenty-second annual reunion of the Sons of Confederate Veterans was held before a capacity audience at the Arcade Monday evening, June 4. The meeting was called to order at 8.45, by Mr. W. E. Brockman, commander District of Columbia Division.

INVOCATION BY REV. HENRY W. BATTLE.

Rev. Henry W. Battle, chaplain in chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans, delivered the following invocation:

Let us bow in prayer. O Thou great Creator, Preserver, Ruler of the universe, at the beginning of this series of days, designed to turn our thoughts reverently to the past and to evidence the indissoluble unity of our once divided country, we humbly invoke Thy blessing and guidance. In the midst of the social diversions of the hour, there abounds a deeper note. Our beloved country is at war, not within our own borders, thank God. No internecine strife tears the heart of the Nation. North, South, East, West we have heard the call of humanity and in the shadow of a sublime opportunity we have thought that we saw Thy august form.

O God, bless, we beseech Thee, the President of the United States—our President, with a tenderer meaning—because of the weight of care and responsibility he carries. Protect his life and health and vouchsafe to him the guidance of Thy unerring wisdom. Bless his Cabinet. Bless the Congress of the United States now in session. In these portentous days may every man in authority stand close to Thee and heed Thy voice when Thou shalt speak.

Bless, we pray Thee, the soldiers and sailors and members of the Navy. O, if it may comport with Thy divine, wise, and benevolent will, grant, we beg, that even yet the necessity for the shedding of American blood may be averted. But if it must be, God be merciful and grant that those who come back to us from the battle field may come with undefiled flags, no woman's cry of anguish smiting their consciences, no baby's blood on their hands.

Thou God of the harvest, give to us, we beg, Thy abundance that we may at home be kept from want and that our ships, protected from the cowardly assassins of the deep, may bear the golden grain to the starving millions beyond the seas.

Bless this reunion. Those venerable men who have come down to us from a former generation, and who wear upon their bosoms the insignia that the South so much delights to honor, deal very tenderly with them, for the places that know them now will soon know them no more forever.

When they shall close their eyes on the scenes of earth, may they open them

on a fairer world, to meet their comrades again where there will be no war, no more pain, sorrow, feebleness.

Grant that this reunion may be a blessing to all who participate in its exercises, to this beautiful city, the pride of the Nation, and to our entire country. And we ask it all in the Redeemer's name. Amen.

ADDRESS OF MR. WILLIAM E. BROCKMAN, COMMANDER DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA DIVISION.

Mr. BROCKMAN. Confederate Veterans, Daughters of the Southland, and Sons of Confederate Veterans, it is indeed a privilege and a great pleasure to greet and welcome you in the National Capital, on this most unique, distinctive, and interesting occasion—unique in that you now occupy freely the city that once you sought to enter by force of arms; distinctive, that you meet on an invitation conceived and expressed by men who were once your enemies, and extended by the citizens of the District of Columbia, through a man who is both an ex-Confederate soldier, and an honorary member of the Grand Army of the Republic; and interesting, that you not only come here for the first time as ex-Confederate soldiers, but that you come as a representation of a loyal Southland.

So we have met here on this splendid occasion to honor the memory of those who are gone to the great beyond, and to honor those few that are left in the thin gray line now fast fading away. We have met here that our fathers might mingle again together in the atmosphere of love, patriotism, and sympathy which they ever bore and which was strikingly evident when they shouldered their muskets over 50 years ago to defend their constitution—the constitution that had its origin in the breasts of our forefathers, who breathed truly the spirit of independence.

The Constitution is as live and forceful to-day as when conceived by its founders, because men like Jefferson Davis lived, because a Confederate host lived, and because the judicial department of the United States Government has stood firmly by them. It was probably for this reason that Gladstone said, "Jefferson Davis has created a Nation."

At the dedication of the Arlington Confederate Monument several years ago, addressing a large crowd of Confederate and Union soldiers, one of the speakers said, "A great difference between the Confederate and the Union soldier was that the Union soldier *thought* that he was right, but the Confederate soldier *knew* that he was right." [Applause.] Right or wrong, from the borders of Canada on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, from the Atlantic Ocean on the east, across the broad prairies and over the Rockies to the Pacific on the west, the Confederate and the Union soldier stand to-day as a unit—as Americans, each possessing the glorious ideals of honor, freedom, justice, and humanity, and with but a single thought of one country and one people.

These thoughts are not new to any of us; the War with Spain was a great manifestation of the fact that southern loyalty, northern loyalty, western loyalty, and eastern loyalty are synonymous, and with but one meaning—American loyalty. We are now engaged in a great war with the Teuton forces, a war between democracy and autocracy, a war between kings and the people, and a war in defense of humanity of the world. When victory comes it will be no northern or southern

victory, but a world victory, and that splendid Virginian who now sits in the White House at the head of our Republic will incite our hearts to brave deeds, and forever glorify the pages of history. [Applause.]

Again I say, Confederate Veterans, Sons and Daughters, we greet and welcome you here. We welcome you as veterans of the late Confederacy, as followers of Lee and Jackson, and as patriots of American freedom. We are assembled under the Confederate Stars and Bars, as a sentiment and an emblem of southern patriotism; we are assembled under the Stars and Stripes—an emblem that represents our great and glorious country, and an emblem of freedom and liberty, government of the people, by and with the consent of the people.

Now that you have met with us here under the slogan of "Veterans first," it is the purpose of the Sons of Confederate Veterans to see that every possible courtesy is extended to you. We want our beautiful, noble, and loyal women who surround us here to be entertained and to enjoy themselves; we want our comrade sons to feel at home and be happy; but most of all, our Confederate fathers are to have the most royal and hearty welcome ever accorded them.

I wish to leave this thought with you—our right hands are extended to greet you, our homes are open to welcome you, our hearts beat fast with love for you—comrades, we welcome you. [Applause.]

INTRODUCTION OF MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, COMMANDER OF WASHINGTON CAMP NO. 305.

Mr. BROCKMAN: The next speaker on the program needs no introduction to the people who have the cause of the South and the love of the South at heart; a man who has worked faithfully for many years to place in our American schools the evidence of the causes of the war of 1861 to 1865; a man whose books and publications are in the best universities throughout the South to-day; a man, a Virginian by birth, who volunteered and went to war with Spain; a man whose father was a Confederate soldier; an orator, as you will soon see, a gentleman of the highest caste. Comrades, I take pleasure in presenting to you Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Commander of Washington Camp No. 305, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

ADDRESS OF MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, COMMANDER WASHINGTON CAMP, SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Maj. EWING. Veterans of the late Confederacy, we are profoundly happy to greet you in Washington City. You need no welcome to what is your own. As the Capital of our Federal Nation, Washington belongs to us of the South as fully as to those of the North or the West. [Applause.]

Since this gathering was announced, many unkind and unhistorical statements impugning the loyalty and motives of the South have appeared in print. One of the milder is that you come to Washington "to give testimony" to your "loyalty." Statements like that are misleading and very unfortunate because, to the minds of many, they convey the thought that the South needs to furnish some evidence of loyalty not required of the North or the West. I am sure I voice the sentiments of veterans and the South generally when I say that the South resents any intimation that our truly patriotic Americanism is less self-evident than that of any other part of our country. I am sure that it is, with perhaps a mere negligible exception, the purpose of

veterans and sons to hold this annual reunion in no other sense than were we in Richmond or any typical southern city.

If environment were wanting, we know that we are far south of Mason and Dixon line. Maryland, historic and patriotic, to which the Confederacy owes no small debt, is within the sweep of the city, and right here to the south about us gather the inspiring hills of old Virginia. [Applause.]

But environment, inspiring as it is, counts for little as compared to the records of the South and the present actions of the vast per cent of southern people. A few whispered that we should not hold this reunion because of America's present war in behalf of humanity and democracy. I am sure that no German can contemplate, with any comfort, the South's record from even before our Revolution, through the War of 1812, on through the South's brilliant war with Mexico in 1846, and the South's part in the war with Spain in 1898. Surely there could be found no more timely occasion than this to look back to see who stood in the breach when foreign foes battered our walls. I need not say that to-day we are not Southerners. We are all Americans! [Applause.]

Veteran fathers, your sons who are members of Washington Camp, No. 305, Sons of Confederate Veterans, congratulate and felicitate you on surviving to see this happy day, and on your good fortune to gather within your own beautiful capital. Our greeting to you is in the spirit of the orthodox South, and it comes from the hearts of those who believe that the war for the Confederacy rested upon legal right and sprang from moral justification. [Applause.] The Sons of Confederate Veterans, for whom I speak on this occasion, applaud you not solely for your valor, your gallantry, and your unsurpassed courage; but we know that you stood for principles which your earnestness and your valor and your boundless courage actually saved to American Government; and we realize as never before that without those principles government with us would be far less happy and by no means what it is. Commemorating your valor and honoring your constructive heroism are the dominant qualities of the spirit in which the Sons of this city greet your coming.

But one single thought pervades the cup of our joy more than overflowing; your ranks, veteran fathers, as compared with the days when your guns overshadowed this city—thin.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,

have thrilled you for the last time.

This stern fact, along with our knowledge of your assured historical vindication, has actuated your fellow comrades in this city and your daughters and your sons to make your stay here one unprecedented span of happiness. It is our earnest purpose to scatter the sweetest flowers in your path, and to band about your brows the richest garlands. This figuratively expresses what mere language will not otherwise convey. There never was a time in the history of the world when the hearts of the sons were more afire with love of the Confederate soldiers of the Southland. The birds sing sweeter, the flowers in our delightful parks shed a brighter glow and a more delightful fragrance, the old river on the south border has a new meaning as heart whispers to heart:

All quiet along the Potomac tonight.

Nor do we feel, veteran fathers, that your coming brings to your sons and daughters alone the opportunity to serve. While you sit with us under the doubly sacred shades of Arlington, your presence will help us to catch

The deadly calm of Stonewall's face,
The lion front of Lee,

and is an inspiration which will reach far down the coming years. That inspiration will move us to reconsecrate to the fundamentals of government and to guard zealously principles for which you and your commanders bared your bosoms to deadly shot and fateful shell.

Since we began preparation for this reunion I have thought constantly of the loved ones at home, the soldiers and women of the South not with us. I want this message from the Sons in this city to be a conduit wire, as it were, by which those of the Confederacy who are not able to meet with us shall feel the "human touch divine." They are not forgotten. As we welcome you we send our love to those not here. The greatest force in the world is that bond of human sympathy and love which a common cause of sweeping import engenders among its votaries; and had the war done no more than entwine our people in such a bond as it has, it would by no means be "a lost cause." [Applause.] As we pause to take account of our fellow feelings, we find that bond stronger as the years sweep toward eternity; and to you who are present tonight, the southern people in this city, young and old, men and women, cry, "Take a token and a message" to those "distant friends" of ours who have had to remain in their homes back in beloved Dixie. There is a wonderful truth in that Bible statement that, "As iron sharpeneth iron so doth the countenance of a man his friend." Sons and Daughters, visit the absent ones when you go home and talk to them—oh, the loneliness of old age, we who have not reached it are so liable to forget. Say to the absent veterans:

Let the autumn hoarfrost gather,
Let the snows of winter drift,
For there blooms a fruit of valor that
The world may not forget.
Fold your faded gray coat closer, for
It was your country's gift,
And it brings her holiest message—
There is glory in it yet.

[Applause.]

I am not unmindful of the daring, courage, and heroism of those who wore the blue. On an occasion like this I am the last man who would forget to include the soldiers of the Union in my encomiums. The story is an old one, but it can not be too oft told. But between the Blue and the Gray there are in favor of the Gray facts which occasions like this should never forget to emphasize.

The English language has been exhausted to tell of the prowess, the self-sacrifice, the matchless deeds of the soldiers of the Southland, and that story, too, is an old one; but it has become an American classic, and though its words are as different as are the speakers and writers, yet its music is an anthem which far outthrills the sacred tune of "Dixie" or the patriotic strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner." [Applause.] Whatever we sing of the soldiers of the Federal armies, the music can never have as full a meaning as the song that will forever glorify the soldiers of the Confederacy. [Applause.]

I am glad this occasion gives opportunity for recalling these truths while many of our fathers yet live to hear what one day will be the unquestioned verdict of a disinterested world. Of course it is the old, old story; but repetition, as men go and children follow, is a first law of progress.

In Europe where—

All the light hath left the skies
And the living, awe-struck crowds
See above them only clouds
And around them only shrouds,

we find much which suggests the most profound thought and which challenges comparisons. In the midst, sublime, supported by none more loyally and more substantially than by Confederate veterans and the sons, stands America, helmeted with honor and girded with the sword drawn righteously and solely to save the retrograde of the world. May America prove the champion who shall make this horror

* * * the last battle of the world.
The Armageddon of the race.

[Applause.]

For comparison, as we study burning, dying, insane Europe, we are brought to wonder if the war between the Confederacy and the United States is not dwarfed and has not lost some of its glory. For magnitude of numbers and for engines of destruction our war was by no means comparable with the cataclysm which has engulfed Europe and the hell-born flames of which scorch the whole world. But no man can do more than die for his country, and thousands did that in our war. No man can do more than fight valiantly to the last ditch, fight hungry, fight naked, fight without adequate medicine, and hundreds of thousands did that for the South in our war, whereas the hungry and the destitute soldier in the European War is so far unknown.

England's great and meteoric war chief, Premier Lloyd-George, recently, in speaking of the war in Europe, said:

Have you stopped to realize that this war is not so much a war of human mass against human mass as it is of machines against machines?

That sentence furnishes us the true measure. Minus the machine and minus the numbers our war of 1861 to 1865 of man against man yet remains unsurpassed, and the valor and heroism and self-abnegation of the Confederate soldier remains undimmed. [Applause.]

To the official women of this reunion the Sons gladly throw wide the doors. It has often been said that the women of the South fought the war for the Confederacy. Not, of course, with a few brilliant exceptions, with gun and saber and cannon boom, but with heart and soul, without the inspiration of which Chickamauga, Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, and Lee's rally at the Wilderness, and the whole awful business of that war would never have been. [Applause.] That is the greatest and most glorious truth of that period which tried the souls of the staunchest men. The women of Georgia gathering bullets on the ghastly field in the years which followed the Battle of Atlanta, that those bullets might be sold for bread, is but a representative instance of thousands which attest the truth that the women of the Confederacy were the dynamos of the battle field.

Former Gov. Charles T. O'Ferrall, of Virginia, who spoke from personal observation, once said: "As grand as the South was in her sons, she was grander in her daughters; as sublime as she was in her men, she was sublimer in her women." [Applause.]

Sons of Confederate Veterans, your Washington comrades greet you with great joy. Like your fathers, you have gathered in your own Capital, and you sit beneath the flag your loyalty to which, as I have said, needs no proof. A word regarding the aims and work of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, that this truth may be apparent to those who do not know the Sons' organization, will be both timely and apropos.

To most of us of the South these reunions mean comradeship, friendship, and zeal in the interest of historical truth. To those of us who were born since or about the time the battle cloud which shrouded our land lifted, the comradeship of these occasions can not mean what it does to our fathers or grandfathers. But as from year to year we know more of the "story of the glory of the men who wore the gray" the comradeship of the Sons deepens in meaning and strengthens in attachment.

Our organization is entered entirely by good character on our part and the shibboleth of honorable service in the Confederate Army of our respective fathers or grandfathers, to the end of the war between the States, unless captured and imprisoned or otherwise incapacitated.

For the most part our fraternity is composed of young men. These men are they in whose veins flows the blood of that stock which we broadly describe as Anglo-Saxon. With these are commingled small strains of some others of the best stocks of earth—all, all, long since blended into that mighty people, Americans.

And why not Americans more thoroughly and more loyally, if possible, than any others? For the greater part our ancestors, the ancestors of the Sons of Confederate Veterans—I mean, remember, gun in one hand and plow handle or axe in the other—led the advance of civilization toward the West. The rear guard of the American Revolution as to the British were our ancestors, the skirmish line facing the savages. Thus situated those pioneers held at bay a savage world, and so contributed a part to American independence without which that struggle would have meant the guillotine and the dungeon. Then our early fathers hanging upon the wall the sword which had achieved independence for the States framed our Constitution and put into operation a dual form of Government, of which there is yet no counterpart and than which republics and kingdoms and monarchies have shown none better. [Applause.] As Virginia Frazer Boyle so beautifully said of the Tennessee pioneers, so we may say of ours, yes, our ancestral pedigrees, with few exceptions, go back to those American pioneer days—

Where the love of her women set the sea
Of the warrior's faith for the country's weal,
With hand on rifle and hand on wheel.

'Twas up to the port holes and down in the dust
Not the weight of might, but the force of must,
With faith and rifle bore free from rust.

'Twas up in the saddle and off to the fight,
Where arrow and tomahaw shrieked in the light;
But the sinews of pioneers won for the right.

By inheritance from those without whom independence could not have been won and without whose constructive statesmanship this Government would never have been framed, this Government and its glorious flag are ours. Ours, the sacred and cherished heritage of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

By organization we seek to stimulate historical research; we aspire to the highest status of citizenship; we strive for a nobler and the most honest statesmanship; and we seek by right coordination of the evidences to show that the highest domestic peace, the greatest safety to property, and the security of our religious and personal liberties depend upon the preservation of that dual Government founded by our early ancestors through the Constitution of the United States. [Applause.]

When I was invited to speak upon this occasion, I hoped I would be able to present some of the evidence to prove the statements I have made, but the program is too long. So, I now close with the briefest possible résumé of the conclusions to which the evidence leads and which established the consistency and unwavering loyalty by those of the South who love three flags. Those banners and the things, briefly, for which each stands, are:

(1) *The State flag.*

We of the Southern States love our respective State flags. [Applause.]

The flag of the State is the emblem of the home and the home is the center, as most of us of the South believe, from which the current of the Nation's moral life must receive its saving power. The home is the birthplace of patriotism. He who loves not his own hearthstone is an indifferent patriot. The State flag is the banner of that independence and inherent sovereignty under which comes the exercise of innumerable powers and to which uncounted rights look for protection and from which emanate that corrective force which demarks civilized society from the lower grades. To that inherent, independent sovereign power look also many others of the most fundamental relations of modern society, such as property rights; the protection of limb and life; the marriage relation; in the main suffrage privileges, and these privileges are the foundation stone of modern Government; the protection of both civil and religious liberty; and the interests of education; and much more, all involving the greatest fundamentals and without which the home and the tender ties of the family, the foundation of State and republic, would revert to chaotic uncertainty.

(2) *We love the Star-Spangled Banner.* [Applause.]

Ours as Americans first and last.

The emblem of our confederated nation, the flag of a dual government none the less effective and powerful because of its peculiar nature, and the insignia of a people who are a nation in a meaning the word nation has when used of no other people; the emblem of delegated constitutional as contradistinguished from inherent sovereignty.

Whose brains and blood gave that flag its glory? Henry, of Virginia, unloosed the first fetters of the American eagle; upon the spirit of the Mecklenburg, (North Carolina) and the Fincastle (Virginia) resolutions, that eagle soared above the British lion. Edmund

Pendleton and Richard Henry Lee fed the fires which Henry had kindled years before. When the crisis came, whose brains gave us our fundamental documents? Surely Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, George Mason, Edmund Randolph, to the latter of whom America owes so much in our sacred neutrality laws, are among the many who placed the South's share in the building of our Federal Nation second to none. At Alamance (North Carolina) the example of patriotic sacrifice first lifted up its bloody hand. Moore's Creek and King's Mountain led the way to patriotic victory. To maintain that cooperative work of the South, her sons again and again laid their lives upon the altar under Washington and John Paul Jones, also of Virginia, at the masthead of whose ship that flag first became the emblem of real power and unsurpassed courage on the high seas.

In defense of that flag against domestic usurpation or the unholy touch of foreign foe, the South, both from sentiment and reason, therefore stands with North and West sword in hand.

Float out, oh flag, and float in every clime;
Float out, oh flag, and blaze on every sea;
Float out, oh flag, and float as long as time
And space themselves shall be.

[Applause.]

(3) *The Flag of the Confederacy.* [Applause.]

Few in the South do not love the flag of the late Confederate States of America. So far as that confederacy is concerned, the flag represents only a memory. But that picture upon memory's walls belongs to American history. To be honest, to be true to coming generations, to be just to our Confederate fathers, and to enable the future rightly to determine moral responsibility during the secession period, the picture of that period can not be softened in tone.

We love that old banner because it stood for the struggle of our people to maintain domestic peace and tranquility, the most basal of the principles upon which organized society rests.

We love that standard because it represents a sane and wholesome demand for real constitutional government. [Applause.]

We venerate that emblem because it is the symbol of self-government, government by consent of the governed. [Applause.]

Oh, yes, these are but a few of the grounds upon which Southern love for the flag of the Confederacy rests.

To us it stands for principle, constitutional right, the inherent, independent sovereignty of each State of our Union, and the most sacred sentiments. [Applause.] Its drooping folds are tear-stained, but they are tears of willing oblation. Our mothers, though weeping, hid for but a moment their ashen faces beneath its silken folds, then, placing it in the hands of our fathers, they cheered as heroes and banner bore down upon their invader. Those mothers knew that the South had beaten the plowshare into the sword in defense of womanhood and of all that freemen hold dear. [Applause.]

Beautiful still in tatters,
Once so gray;
The darkened stain is kindred blood;
Alas, the day!
My father's groan still haunts the years,
And on its folds my mother's tears!

As was true of the sword of Lee, so of the banner his ragged armies follow:

High o'er the brave in the cause of right,
Its stain'ess sheen like a beacon light,

yet illumines the pages of history. [Applause.] So we of the South—

Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead;

and we yet

Love the cold dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it.

But we weep not always for we rejoice that

'Tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story.

And all the South is happy, prosperous and content because the principles represented by that flag triumphed; and, therefore,

* * * a future spreads before us,
Not unworthy of the free.

[Applause.]

Mr. BROCKMAN. Comrades, I now take pleasure in introducing to you the commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Dr. J. Garnett King, of Fredericksburg, Va. [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF DR. J. GARNETT KING, COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Dr. KING. Mr. Chairman, Confederate veterans, ladies, and gentlemen; as the ranking officer of the Sons of the Confederacy, the honor has been delegated to me to present to you our commander in chief. But I can not overlook the opportunity on behalf of the Sons and of the Department of the Army of Northern Virginia, immortalized by that matchless chieftain, Robert E. Lee [prolonged applause and cheers], to express to you our appreciation of your most cordial reception. At Birmingham, we of near-by Virginia told them that Washington would receive them with open arms, and that they would receive here a welcome equal to any section of our country. That prophecy has been more than fulfilled. [Applause.]

But first I have the pleasure of presenting to this great Washington audience, to our sons and our visitors, and to our maids and sponsors, the Hon. Claude N. Bennett, of Georgia and Washington, member of the Washington Camp of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, head of the Congressional Information Bureau, and chairman of the citizens entertainment committee.

ADDRESS OF MR. CLAUDE N. BENNETT, CHAIRMAN CITIZENS' ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE.

Mr. BENNETT. Ladies and gentlemen, this is a red-letter night for Washington—a red-letter night for the South, and for the United States. The circumstances under which this great gathering comes to the Capital of the Nation and the significance that it bears drive the last nail in the coffin of sectionalism and place the laurel upon fair Columbia's brow. [Applause.]

I am delegated to speak for the citizens of Washington; but I am a plain Georgia cracker [applause], and every time I hear the band play "Home, Sweet Home" I think of Dixie. [Laughter.]

The citizen of Washington is something unique among the great people from all other sections of the country. The citizen of Washington is the only man in the Union who knows no geography whatever. To him there is no North nor South, no East nor West. We are all one people in aspiration, in desire, in intention, in loyalty to the country. [Applause.] The sun never sets on the day when volleys of welcomes do not go out from the citizens of Washington to people from some section or from several sections of the country. Indeed, one of the chief jobs of the board of trade, the chamber of commerce, the District Commissioners, is to go out and beg conventions to come to Washington. We want them all to come to see the Capital, to find out the spirit of the Nation as here shown, enjoy the hospitality of the Capital City, wander around through its parks, put their feet on the mantelpiece (if they care to) take off their coats, smoke the peaceful pipe of a common heritage, and enjoy all the Nation has to offer to the citizens of the country from whatever section they may come.

The citizen of Washington has no voice in his own government. Congress governs him through commissioners appointed by the President and smaller officers appointed by the commissioners. He has no vote. He is therefore nonpartisan. He welcomes a Democratic administration in the same manner that he welcomes a Republican administration; that he would welcome a Peoples' Party administration, if such a thing could come about; and even if woman's suffrage ever brings an administration to Washington, we will say, God bless them, too [laughter], although long may the day be spared when we will have to give that sort of a benediction. [Applause.]

In the city of Washington, the citizens are standing as the home guard of the Capital, standing in the very shadow of that great Capitol building in front of which these grand old veterans now live in the tented city as our guests—the home guard to that pile which is the grandest building in all its significance and power that the sun in his wheeling course looks down upon. These citizens of Washington feel that they are the peculiar guardians of the seat of government of the strongest, richest, greatest nation in its power, its influence, and its possibilities known to man since creation's dawn. [Applause.]

We welcome everybody from every quarter because, I say, that is our steady job. But we peculiarly, most enthusiastically, exuberantly, fondly, and reverently welcome these grand old heroes from the Union's fairest daughter, the great Southland. [Applause.] We are likewise glad to have these sons of the Confederacy come. We are particularly fond of these boys from Virginia, typical of the spirit of the South, because we can not forget that it is that section which gave to the Union its first and greatest President, George Washington [applause]; that it is that same section that gave to the Union its last greatest President, Woodrow Wilson [the audience arose amid prolonged applause and cheers]; and be it remembered that this same Southland section gave to the Union most of the great Presidents that have come in between Washington and Wilson [applause]; and that this same section also gave to the Union that great star of first humanitarian magnitude, Abraham Lincoln [ap-

plause], who was a southerner, a Kentuckian; and, moreover, that this great section has crowned its gifts of men by giving to the South, to the Union, to the world, that matchless, incomparable, immortal Virginian, the ideal soldier and citizen of the world, Robert E. Lee. [Applause and cheers.] For in sober, simple truth, he was a character so unique that as we attempt to break the mirror of admiration into the fragments of analysis, each fragment becomes the miniature of such beauty and sublimity that the destructive hand can only multiply the forms of immortality. [Applause.]

And, ladies and gentlemen, in the great crisis that now confronts the country, in the world war into which we are entering, we have the fairest, the finest motives that ever led a country into war—to secure the democratization of the world, the freedom of humanity. The only instances in history in which a nation has fought with no selfish motive have been in the cases of the Spanish-American war, in which our Maj. Ewing was a volunteer, and in this great world war which the United States enters by spending, the first rattle out of the box, seven billions of dollars, an inconceivable amount of money. Great Heavens, I can't imagine that much money on earth, and you can't. [Laughter.] Old Judge Bleckly, of Georgia, used to say that he didn't believe there was a million dollars in the world. He had never seen that much money nor known anybody who had seen it. And yet this great Government of ours, as the very first appropriation, is giving seven billions of dollars toward the prosecution of a war in the interest of human freedom, and asking, desiring, accepting nothing for itself in return, nothing whatever. The longer you think about the motives with which the United States is going into this great conflict, the greater must your admiration be for everything connected with your country.

This is an illustration of the big things that the country is doing, and it is a matter of pride and of joy to us Southerners to know that the South is going to do its full part in that duty as in every other which it has been called upon to face. Gen. Bennett Young told the President yesterday that if the boys from 21 to 31 did not fill up the draft to call on boys from 60 to 80 and they would be ready to go. [Applause.]

Washington is entertaining now the Missions from France, from England, from Italy, from Russia, from all the nations of the world. She is to cooperate with them in working out plans to bring about this great democratization of the world. And we are learning to love all those people from all those different nations just as Washington loves the citizen of the United States regardless of his own State. We bestow a great deal of attention here upon the diplomats, the people of foreign nations. But at the same time we cherish the feeling that the United States is the greatest of them all. [Applause.]

The poet sings of sunny France,
Fair olive laden Spain,
The Grecian isles, Italia's smiles,
And India's torrid plain;
The glories of fair Switzerland,
Braw Scotland's heathered moor,
The shimmering sheen of Ireland's green,
Old England's rockbound shore.
Quaint Holland and the Russian land—
Their charms the bard relates.
Let us acclaim the land I name,
The land of our birth, the queen of the earth,
Our own United States. [Applause.]

Dr. KING. At the Birmingham reunion our organization honored Virginia by electing one of her men to the highest office within its power. In electing him it recognized in him a man of extreme loyalty and tireless energy, and we know that in his past year of office his record shows that this confidence has been fully justified.

This energy and this loyalty evidently were inherited, coming as he did from a descendancy that raised, maintained, and equipped an entire company and enrolled it in the Twenty-third Virginia Regiment and which made a glorious record. This makes us doubly proud of our commander in chief.

I have the great honor of introducing to you the commander in chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, Mr. Ernest G. Baldwin, of Roanoke, Va. [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF MR. ERNEST G. BALDWIN, COMMANDER IN CHIEF SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Mr. BALDWIN. Mr. Commander, our heroes of sixty-one, sons and daughters of Dixie, ladies and gentlemen, permit me to avail myself of my first opportunity on this occasion of expressing to the sons my deepest appreciation of the honor of having been chosen as your commander for the past year, which honor carries with it the distinction of presiding over this auspicious gathering.

I need hardly assure you that I make no pretension as a parliamentarian, and the "graces of the orator are to me unknown," but I yield to no man alive in devotion to the heritage that comes to me as a son of a Confederate veteran.

And may I say that while I have served you as best I could during the past year, if I have accomplished anything, it has been made possible by your splendid and loyal cooperation.

I shall not undertake to recount the deeds of the heroes of 1861-1865, nor to make any extended remarks at this time, but those golden deeds of heroism will not tarnish, nor will their luster dim as the years come and go, but the memory of those days will come as an inspiration to guide and strengthen us for the duties that lie before us as American citizens at this hour.

I feel that we would be unworthy of the previous heritage of our forefathers did we not with a single mind and single voice answer the call that comes to us at this crucial period of our national history. It is a call for a renewed spirit of patriotism and warm cooperation with those into whose hands we have committed the welfare of our country.

To-day, as never before, we face the world a united country. Its wounds there have been, they are healed; if cause for quarrel, it has gone; political differences have been forgotten; and East, West, North, and South we are one to-day, my fellow countrymen, one in a resolute purpose to meet the duty of the hour whatsoever it may be, one in an abiding faith in the future of our country. And we, as American citizens, stand to-day in the spirit of cooperation for one land, one people, and one flag. [Applause.]

All hail Old Glory—the Stars and Stripes [applause]—the flag of the greatest nation on God's earth! It's your flag and my flag; some of its stars represent Dixie, and some of its bars stand for the South. It's the flag of Washington, Scott, Joe Wheeler, of Lee and Jackson.

It's the flag of that great American, Woodrow Wilson. [Applause.] And to-day, if need be, we can muster to the defense of her glory and traditions a mighty force, as invincible as those American patriots who crowned old Bunker Hill with flame and bathed the crests of Gettysburg in blood; and I say to you, my fellow countrymen, that while God reigns and the human race endures this Nation, born of our fathers' blood and sanctified by our mothers' tears, shall never pass away. [Applause.]

It is my pleasure to announce to you that this assemblage is honored by the presence of the daughter of the greatest man of all the ages, Gen. Robert E. Lee. [Applause.] It is my pleasure and honor to introduce to you Miss Mary Custis Lee.

(Miss Lee arose and was introduced amid great applause.)

I shall not undertake to introduce to you the speakers who follow me. They are too well known to need any introduction. It is with a great deal of regret that I have to announce that Gen. Harrison will not be with us to-night, but he has sent his aid, Hon. D. S. Henderson, judge advocate general of the United Confederate Veterans. Gen Henderson.

ADDRESS OF GEN. D. S. HENDERSON, JUDGE ADVOCATE GENERAL SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Gen. HENDERSON. Sons, ladies and gentlemen, it would be an honor at any time to represent the distinguished commander in chief of the United Confederate Veterans, my friend, Gen. George P. Harrison, of the great State of Alabama. [Applause.] But that pleasure and honor are increased on this occasion by the great pleasure which I have to speak in his behalf to the United Sons of the Confederacy. As was the old guard to Napoleon, as was the Stonewall division to Robert E. Lee—

No purer sword led a braver band,
No braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee;

[applause.] and as was Nathan Bedford Forrest, the wizard of the saddle, whose grandson sits here in sight of me, to the arms of the Confederacy in the West; so, ladies and gentlemen, the United Sons of the Confederacy are to the United Veterans of the Confederacy, our right arm and our right eye. I have heard it talked about in Washington that this is to be the last reunion of the Confederate Veterans. Just lay that aside [laughter] as foolishness. Lay it aside as ridiculous. As long as a Confederate veteran survives, yea, verily, as long as a son or a daughter of the Confederacy survives will these camp fires be kept alive throughout the land [applause and cheers] to tell to the people of the world that we are not ashamed and not afraid and never will be ashamed and afraid for what we fought. [Applause.]

The distinguished speaker, Mr. Ewing, from the city of Washington, said that it was disloyal to speak of the disloyalty of the South at this particular time. So say I. The South has never been wanting in its fealty to the Government under which it lives. I come from the cradle of secession. I come from the great State of South Carolina. [Applause.] And in 1861, out of a voting population of

700,000 she sent to the front 68,000 soldiers, rank and file, and 40 per cent were wounded or killed. [Applause.] And I say to-day, when Woodrow Wilson calls her, she will be equally loyal. [Applause.] Standing here in the presence of this great audience in the Capital City of this great Nation, in behalf of Gen. Harrison, and in behalf of every Confederate veteran within the sound of my voice, or who will be here to-morrow or the next day, I assert that from Maryland, my Maryland [applause], from Virginia and the Carolinas and Georgia and Alabama [applause] and Mississippi [applause] to the Rio Grande, if need be every stiver of our property and all the blood that is in our veins are ready to be spent for carrying on the onward march of America in American enterprise and progress and the salvation of the world from German savagery. [Applause and cheers.]

That silent, grand, courageous man yonder in the White House has said to us that we need not minimize this thing, that it is grim business. That is a very good thing to do. But my friends, if Russia lies down on us, and it looks ominous, then it will need all of our patriotism, all of our heroism, all of our manhood, and the South will stand with the North, and with the East and with the West in that great struggle, for thanks be to God we are all Americans. [Applause and cheers.] And when it is all over, we will be paid for our trouble, even if some of our boys have to leave their bones bleaching in Flanders or in France, for when we meet around the table of peace, America will demand, not pelf and plunder, not acquisition of territory, but that hereafter the affairs of the world shall be conducted on principles of humanity, and especially will we demand, not only of Germany and her allies but of our own allies, England, and France and the others, that the great doctrine of America, the Monroe doctrine, that America should never be interfered with by foreigners, shall be enforced forever. [Applause.] That is enough to fight for, if needs be.

I am proud to be here as a Confederate veteran, as a little fellow, and I am sorry I am too old now perhaps to follow the legions to France or to Flanders, but as my good friend, Gen. Bennett Young said yesterday at Arlington, If recruits give out among the boys, we will be there to assist in the end, and we know we will have the prayers, and the tears, and the assistance of the great and glorious womanhood of the country. [Applause.]

(A selection was rendered by the Marine Band.)

The CHAIRMAN (Mr. BALDWIN). It is my pleasure to introduce to you United States Senator Duncan U. Fletcher, of Florida, member Stonewall Jackson Camp, S. C. V., who will give on behalf of the sons the response to the addresses of welcome. [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF HON. DUNCAN U. FLETCHER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM FLORIDA.

Senator FLETCHER. Mr. Chairman, Venerated Confederate veterans, daughters and sons of veterans, and friends: When brothers disagree about fundamental principles, even to the extent of blows and finally settle their differences, clasp hands in renewed affection and resume relations of amity as though no trouble had ever occurred, we have a happy family.

When division takes place in a community, even though violence results, which is eventually closed up, and all wounds are healed and unstinted good will is established, a fortunate situation and a new life come to that community.

When the people of a whole country become separated on a vital question, appealing to the conviction and conscience of those taking the respective sides, and those differences are at length settled by whatever process and at whatever cost and those people come together in a union of strength and soul upon a basis definitely reached, forever removing all grounds for misunderstanding, a glorious nation is the perpetual realization.

Some 57 years ago such a division arose on a question involving the interpretation of the Constitution in this young Republic. It led to horrors and appalling disasters which continued for four years before conclusions were reached and readjustment of conditions ensued. There was no failure since the only real failure in life is moral failure. To-day the dust of those who perished in that dreadful contest mingles in the soil of a united country. Their spirits fraternize in the region of the souls of the true and the brave. The survivors of those perilous times greet each other here as brothers, in mutual respect, inspired by the same patriotic fervor and love for their common country.

The sons of those who then sacrificed and served to the limit, dead and living, now vie with each other in every walk of life, in every field of action, in every department of the Government, in every laudable effort to promote the prosperity of their country and the welfare of all its people.

The last vestige of bitterness has disappeared. [Applause.] From rupture and hemorrhage the new life came forth. The red hot furnace melted old conditions and there was molded the material which serves one country, with the same aims, identical aspirations, inseparable ideals. That family quarrel was settled forever over 50 years ago. It passed into history with its causes which can never appear again. [Applause.]

In generous rivalry and pervading good will every section of this mightiest Republic has moved forward as one bound and riveted whole. The ideas of democracy have lighted the way of our advancement. The love of liberty, individual liberty and individual opportunity of widest reach consistent with the safety of the nation and the demands of morality have characterized that progress.

In another part of the world autocracy has grown to giant proportions. This giant assumes to strut through the streets of Europe and to control the lanes of the open seas. Like Lucifer, the great father of all injustice, he has conceived the idea of dominating the world. He has thrown wide open the gates of the temple of Janus. He has taught that kind of "kultur" the logical end of which means the elimination of the race. He has made the assassination of one man in a Bosnian town the excuse for launching his thunderbolts and pouring out Danubes of blood. This autocratic power, after careful preparation, when conditions seemed favorable, began a deadly assault upon the democracy of the world. The fight is on—autocracy against democracy—and it must be waged to a crushing conclusion, even though it involves hecatombs of slaughter, before the world can have a peace that means a permanent condition of tranquility, free

from the fetters of national armament and the oppression of military supremacy and the jeopardy of imperial ambition. [Applause.]

The peoples of the earth have about reached the point where they begin to realize that democracy or autocracy, one or the other, must go, because both of them can not live together at peace in the world.

And so, my friends, the hour is here when "He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat." In this struggle it is not difficult to understand where America belongs. Her history and traditions, her ideals, which have directed the way over which we have traveled, the principles which have abided in our convictions, are blazoned on our sky and the spirit which animated our fathers burns within our breasts. [Applause.]

That means that there is no alternative for us but to raise the flag of our country, unsheath our sword and strike with all our might.

It looks as if Paul saw this conflict had to come when he described it as "Not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

With scorn of sacrifice, with fixed, high purpose, from every portion of this mightiest Republic, let there be such a mobilization of valor as will give assurance that humanity shall be spared, through all the future, a repetition of this monstrous calamity. [Applause.]

Let us assemble the men and the means, combined with friends of like minds, which will signify the end of all wars. Let us "run with steadfastness the race that is set before us."

Now, Mr. Chairman, that the sons of Confederate veterans will do their part, will respond to the call of their country with the courage of their fathers, I have no doubt, and than that, I submit, more could not be desired or expected. [Applause.]

Mr. Chairman, speaking for them on this occasion, I feel free to give you that pledge and on their behalf I make grateful acknowledgment of the generous welcomes extended to them. [Applause.]

The CHAIRMAN (MR. BALDWIN). We have with us to-night the president general of the Southern Memorial Association, which is composed of the wives and mothers of the heroes of 1861 to 1865. It is my pleasure to introduce Mrs. Behan. [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF MRS. W. J. BEHAN, PRESIDENT GENERAL CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. BEHAN. Mr. Commander, Sons of Veterans: In the speeches you have just listened to much has been said about the Confederate veterans. I am here to say a few words to the Sons of Confederate Veterans and to extend to them a greeting from the Memorial Association. I should like to say that in the beginning of this organization we were known as aid societies. We did hospital work—all the mothers of these sons—just as the women now are engaged in the Red Cross work. It was our duty to do what we could for the men who were sent out.

Now, as the speaker said who preceded me, I am sure that I can pledge for the loyalty of the sons and grandsons who are here to-day, and I can pledge for their courage. They came from a brave race. They came of good stock, great fathers, heroic mothers, women who were ready to make a sacrifice of life itself to help the soldier in the field, in the hospital, and in the camp.

And now, when the shadow of war has come to these sons, we, the women of the sixties, feel that we can give to this reunited country as brave an army of men as ever carried a sword in the sixties. [Applause.]

Mr. Commander, I extend a hearty greeting to you and the sons and congratulate you upon the magnificent work being done by your organization. [Applause.]

The CHAIRMAN (Mr. BALDWIN). Two southern girls have composed a song entitled, "You are as dear to me as Dixie was to Lee." They are singing it this week at Keith's and have made quite a success in vaudeville. This song is dedicated to the Confederate veterans at this reunion. I take great pleasure introducing to you the Misses Campbell. [Applause.]

YOU'RE AS DEAR TO ME AS "DIXIE" WAS TO LEE.

COMPOSED AND SUNG BY THE MISSES CAMPBELL.

In the quaint old town of Richmond,
Of Civil War time fame,
Lived a sweet young southern beauty;
Virginia was her name.
She loved a gay West Pointer,
And so gallant was he
That when he came to tell her of his love
He sang out cheerily:

CHORUS.

You're as dear to me as Dixie was to Lee,
And you know that's going some;
Your smiling eyes light up the skies
And thrill me like the drum.
And I love you, love you, love you, my Virginia;
You're as sweet as a girl can be,
And believe me when I tell you
You're as dear to me as Dixie was to Lee.

[Applause.]

'Ere their honeymoon was ended
Came our country's call to war;
Our flag must be defended,
Every noble stripe and star,
He must leave his fair Virginia,
Tho' grief the parting brings.
They both salute the flag they love so well,
And she joins him as he sings:

CHORUS.

You're as dear to me as Dixie was to Lee,
And you know that's going some.
He gave his life and I'll give mine
When my country bids me come.
For I love you, love you, love you, my Old Glory;
You're the flag of flags to me,
And believe me when I tell you
You're as dear to me as Dixie was to Lee.

[Applause and cheers.]

The CHAIRMAN (Mr. BALDWIN.) It is my pleasure to introduce to you the managing director of the Southern Commercial Congress, past commander in chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, who will introduce to you the official ladies, representing the Sons of Confederate Veterans, Dr. Clarence J. Owens. [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF DR. CLARENCE J. OWENS, PAST COMMANDER IN CHIEF, SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Dr. OWENS. Mr. Commander in Chief, official ladies, my comrades, ladies and gentlemen: We live in a fateful hour in the history of the world. Autocracy and Mohammedanism are making their last stand before the triumphant march of democracy and Christianity. [Applause.] With all the horror and desolation of war, with the billions of treasure expended and the millions of men slain, neither will have been offered in vain if liberty is enthroned in every land, if all men are made free and independent. [Applause.]

War is but the striking of the clocks of the ages, marking the great eras, the great turning points in the annals of mankind. America's part in this supreme contest is sublime in its challenge to the manhood and the womanhood of our western world. That for which we are contending now was the morning star of hope in the breast of Washington, the shrine at which met Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe; the goal sought for and that will be splendidly achieved by the Commander in Chief of our Army and Navy, a son of the South, now a citizen of the kingdom of men, a sturdy and sterling patriot, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States. [Applause and cheers.]

The South is ready to respond to the call of our country with its blood and its treasure. The sons of the South will be found deep in the first line of defense on the battle front, following the Stars and Stripes by land and by sea. [Applause.]

In pledging allegiance to Old Glory, my comrades, we are not untrue to our fathers, for that flag was baptized in southern blood, and the stars added by the South in the field of blue light up the land with the solemn radiance of national glory. [Applause.]

The South will mobilize not only its men but its material resources of the mine, the forest, and the field in the scheme of our national defense. The agricultural South is, through the providence of God, to be in large measure the source of the food and clothing supply for America and our allies, and in the last analysis upon this economic provision, freedom will be vouchsafed, and democracy and justice established throughout the earth.

Fame herself rises from her throne to place the laurel upon the brow of the veteran manhood of the South, gathered here in epoch-making reunion with the Grand Army of the Republic. My comrades, our fathers were men true to the instincts of their birth, faithful to the teachings of their fathers, and constant in their love for the state. They glorified a fallen cause with the simple manhood of their lives, the patient endurance of suffering, and the heroism of death. They were men who in the dark hour of imprisonment, in the hopelessness of the hospital, in the short, sharp agony of the field, found support and consolation in the belief that at home they would not be forgotten. They were men whom power could not corrupt, whom death could not terrify, whom defeat could not

dishonor. The state taught them how to live and how to die, and from her broken fortunes she has preserved for her children the priceless treasure of their memories, teaching all who may claim the same birthright that truth, courage, and patriotism endure forever. [Applause.]

To honor our fathers these women of the South have gathered here in this great reunion city of our reunited country. This occasion is made sweet with the presence here of the official women representing the confederations of veterans, sons and daughters. It was Jefferson Davis [applause], the hero of Buena Vista, the Secretary of War who organized the Army of the United States with which the Confederacy later contended, and it is the basis of the United States Army to-day, the Senator whose farewell address breathed that splendid sentiment, "not in bitterness," and the President of that little republic that rose so white and fair and fell so pure of crime—it was Davis who wrote "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," and he in his preface, my comrades, points the sons of the South, to this very hour to-night when our country should return to the pristine purity and power of fraternity [applause], and who dedicated his labor of love to the womanhood of the Southland. "To the women of the Confederacy," he said, "whose pious ministrations to our wounded soldiers soothed the last hours of those who died far from the objects of their tenderest love; whose domestic labors contributed much to supply the wants of our defenders in the field; whose fortitude sustained them under all the privations to which they were subjected; whose zealous faith shone a guiding star undimmed by the darkest clouds of war; whose annual tribute is expressive of their enduring grief, love, and reverence for our sacred dead, and whose patriotism will teach their children to emulate the virtues of our Revolutionary sires." [Applause.]

A few of these precious women are here, in the evening period of their lives, with their love for our fathers, and their benediction for us, their sons. Their daughters are here, with their beauty and their grace, their genius and their power to inspire the manhood of the South, in the homecoming of the Blue and the Gray here in the house of our fathers, to pledge their brothers, at this sacred shrine to offer again the sacred pledge of life, fortune, and sacred honor for our common country and to point us to the clear path of duty in defense at this hour of our national honor. [Applause.]

The women of the South have placed yonder on Arlington Heights by permission of the United States Government that enduring monument in bronze that shall forever perpetuate the memory and the glory of the Confederate soldier. And yonder in the temple of the Red Cross will be forever cherished the memories of the motherhood of the Southland in that great tribute to the sisterhood of America, the women of the North and the women of the South.

Ladies and gentlemen, it now becomes my proud privilege to present to you the official women of this reunion convention, but may I briefly in the first place present to you these ladies who have honored us with their presence, aside from the sponsors, maids of honor, and chaperons who come representing their organizations.

I have the high honor of presenting to you our queen, maybe without a crown, Miss Mary Custis Lee, the daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee, our Washington without his reward. [Applause.]

I have the high privilege of presenting to you next the wife of the Secretary of the Navy, the sister of Worth Bagley, Mrs. Josephus Daniels. [Applause.]

Mrs. DANIELS. May I take just one moment to ask that every southern woman and every southern man take home with them the thought that we, the men and women of this country, must protect the girls and the boys who are to go into the war. I go on Wednesday morning to help on a committee in New York. May I ask your prayers in this work of helping to protect the boys and girls of this country. [Applause.]

Dr. OWENS. I have the honor of presenting Mrs. Behan, representing the motherhood of the South, the president general of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association. [Applause.]

Mrs. Odenheimer, the president general of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. [Applause.]

Mrs. Harrison, the wife of the commander in chief of the United Confederate Veterans. [Applause.]

Miss Nannie Randolph Heth, president of the Southern Relief Society of the District of Columbia. [Applause.]

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor of presenting the official staff of the commander in chief, the sponsor in chief, Miss Cordelia Taylor, Hollins, Va. [Applause.]

Maid of honor, Miss Hallie Call Everett, Huntington, W. Va. [Applause.]

Maid of honor, Miss Mabel Simpson, Wichita Falls, Tex. [Applause.]

Maid of honor, Miss Marie Frances Saunders, Washington, D. C. [Applause.]

Maid of honor, representing the Grandchildren of the Confederacy, Miss Marie Louise Owens, Washington, D. C. [Applause.]

Chaperon, Mrs. Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va. [Applause.]

Matron of honor, Mrs. R. Kent Spiller, Roanoke, Va. [Applause.]

And now let the sponsors, matrons of honor, chaperons, maids of honor of the departments rise. I have the honor of presenting them to you. And the sponsors, maids of honor, chaperons, matrons of honor of the divisions, brigades, and camps. [Applause.]

We stand here to-night and honor the men of 50 years ago and the women of 50 years ago. Will our sons stand here 50 years hence and honor us men and women, sons and daughters of the Confederacy? For our fathers and our mothers, it is "sunset and evening star;" but to us, their sons and daughters, it is "sunrise and morning star." And to each one of us there comes to-night the clear call of duty. The very idea should thrill every fiber of our being and tingle in our blood. By grappling with our problems the people will rise to new heights of commercial, intellectual, and ethical attainment. Our obligation, based upon the glory of the past, involves not only the present but the future. It is incumbent upon us to transmit to our posterity conditions conspicuous for their equity, their commercial integrity, and their political purity. Yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow—these three, and the greatest of these is to-morrow. Even now the morning of the future is instinct with life and big with entities. To-morrow must equal yesterday, plus to-day multiplied and intensified a thousandfold. As our fathers rushed into the hurtling storm of shot and shell, we must be ready to rush into the opening channel of fresh opportunity.

Out from the Dark Ages men came to this asylum—this San Salvador. A star-lit flag unfurled and the magic of our Declaration of Independence has belted the earth. America emerges in this tragic hour as the friend of mankind, and will fight to bring the nations of the earth back to a recognition of the rights of man and of the principles of international amity, comity, friendship, and fraternity. It is the hour of fate for America, and through her sons America will hear the call of destiny. [Applause.]

Chairman BALDWIN. Our next speaker needs no introduction to the people of the Southland. This gentleman has done as much if not more to bring the South in its true light before the world than any other man I know, and it is my pleasure to introduce to you the Hon. John Temple Graves, of Georgia and Washington, D. C. [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES.

Mr. GRAVES. Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I am the last speaker but one upon this program to-night. I shall remember the obligation which that fact entails upon me and the obligation which I owe to you. It is too late for me to speak, and I do not need to speak to those who have heard so much that has been brave and eloquent and true.

I do not know any people who have come together under circumstances so great and so inspiring as those which bring the lingering remnant of the Confederacy to the Capital of our country here to-night. I have traveled from New York to Washington, from the metropolis to the Capital of our country, just to see the old Confederate veterans camp at last in the Capital of their country beneath the dome of the Capitol halls and under the spangles and stripes of the President's home. [Applause.]

I am not going to attempt to tell you the things that have come to me to say to you, and which I should have been glad to say if the conditions had been favorable to utterance. But I know that the occasion fills the hearts of those who have been here, and it fills the heart of the Republic. The Capital is glad to have you here. The President of the United States gave his ringing voice in favor of your coming here, and the fact that you are here has wrung from the world the last appealing assurance of the meaning of your being in the Capital of the Republic to-night. I am very glad to say to you that the old Confederacy has won its right to be here. For many years your forefathers occupied the Virginia hills and fondly looked at the Dome of the Capitol as the best hope of success, and Early circled the Maryland hills until he came straight to the western gates of the Capital and with the prize almost in his hands was foiled there by President Lincoln at Fort Stephens until reinforcements came to turn the tide of battle in their favor. Once more in a wider menace, Robert E. Lee in that wide sweep through Gettysburg massed there the last hope of his people, and staked his fate upon the one decisive battle that broke the backbone of the waning Confederacy.

It was not destined then that the Confederacy should win the Capital of the country, but it is camped at last under the Dome of the Capitol and lights its camp fires almost at the threshold of the Capitol. [Applause.] It has won its way by its great achievements. The South that gave \$5,000,000 of its capital to the issues of the

Civil War has built out of itself something that has enriched the race. In the last 50 years there have been splendid things done. Statesmen, authors, publicists everywhere have given their splendid contributions to the life of the Nation, and when at last the time had come in 1898 when the tocsin rang the call to war, these old heroes in gray, not waiting to be enlisted, came with their treasures in their hands and laid their iron crown at the feet of their Government and proved in that hour of danger that they were not laggards in love nor cowards in war. The South has won by its courage, its industry, and its splendid energies what it did not accomplish by its zealous sword in war.

The South is in its father's house to stay as one of the great company of those giving their lives if necessary for its protection. Here we have the splendid meaning of this great reunion of the Confederate soldiers, not the least but the greatest up to the present time. Splendid and significant things are voiced in this most fateful and inspiring reunion, which emphasizes the tremendous era in which we live. As the Republic has unsheathed its sword against the greatest foe and in the greatest cause that ever engaged human valor, the brigades of gray and blue here in Washington speak in trumpet tones and proclaim the indestructible unity of the Republic. [Applause.] As we stand here to-night facing the most cruel foe in the most cruel war that ever engaged the Armies of the American Republic, these old gray and blue heroes tell us of the memories of Manassas and Antietam, Cold Harbor, and Appomattox, and tell us at least that the men of to-day are the sons of heroes, and in that coming to-day they illustrate once more that glorious common spirit which awoke from Lincoln's proclamation at Gettysburg, the immortal tribute to the valor of American arms.

I have no other message for you at this late hour to-night. But just a word of these splendid women who were introduced to you here just before I came upon the stage. Their splendid service in the war that we know has never been surpassed in the record of men or women. They are the good angels of the battle field, the inspiration of the battle, the last best hope of patriotism in the world in which we live. They illustrate through their splendid fidelity the traditions of the past when women devoted themselves to the relief of the suffering and the pain of the soldiers of the army to which they belonged. They are ready to help in this splendid work before us. It is in the breath of their patriotism that we must live. It will be their influence, their inspiration, their loving kindness in which we shall find the inspiration to fight for our country in these dark and stormy days that are coming to us here.

I do not know, ladies and gentlemen, whether any of you noticed the spectacle that on the day the President signed the declaration that passed this Republic from peace to war—in Washington 12.18, Chicago 1.18, in San Francisco 3.18—when the Republic passed from peace to war on April 6, 1917. At that hour a wind swept over from the west, and blew a strong current over the flag on the Capitol, and over the Stars and Stripes on the White House, and held the flags as if they had been painted on a responsive sky; not a star obscure, not a fold crumpled or disordered, every stripe in its place, as if proclaiming liberty over the seas while the Hohenzollern groaned upon his disordered throne.

Liberty and victory are in our flag to-day, and what the wind did to the flag our women will do to the Republic. Upon their breath of enthusiasm, of loyalty, of comfort, and of consolation and of splendid inspiration we shall live and conquer in the battle that is ours. As the flag dropped when the wind lulled, will our women grow discouraged? They will never! Their hearts and their hands are the ministering angels of our common cause, and upon the breath of their prayers and the breath of their courage, the flag will float, the Republic will live, and the Stars and Bars will mingle with the Stars and Stripes, and they will be as dear to you and to me as Dixie was to Lee.

You old Confederate soldiers will remember that from sixty-one to sixty-five both the Confederate President and the Union President were hampered and stung by the little gadflies of criticism and captious complaint of the things that they did not like which the Presidents of both sides did in those fateful days.

Let me tell you that the President of the United States ought to escape that cowardly cavil in the solemn and awful years that are upon us now. The first duty of every soldier is loyalty to his Commander in Chief. The first duty of every people in a time such as this is deep fidelity to the man who bears upon his sacred shoulders the burden of this war. Let the heart of the southern Confederate and the heart of the Union veteran have confidence and faith in our leader that will sustain him in these stormy hours. Some man said the other day that the German people to-day are gathered in greater loyalty behind their Kaiser leading them to frightfulness and through the awful pursuits of the most barbarous war that the world has ever seen—that they are more loyal to their Kaiser than we are to the President of the United States. That ought to be a lie and it is a lie. [Applause.] And let us know that the Republic, North and South, Georgia and Massachusetts, Maine and Mississippi, California and New York, stands tonight upon the call of its leader and that we will hold up his hands. With confidence and faith we will give him the help and the love that his sad and silent soul needs in this sad and stormy hour. And I charge you to-night, as we pledge the Republic in the splendid record of the Confederate courage, as we pledge the Republic in the splendid loyalty of our women who are blood kin to the women on this side of the line, that we also may congratulate ourselves that due to his wisdom our battle is pitched upon the loftiest plane under which freedom ever fought, and we have shown to the world that our entrance into the war is the most unselfish act in human history. Let us thank him for pitching the battle on lines that evoked the enthusiasm and the joy of every patriot and every man. Let us believe in his splendid wisdom and his patient faith, and let us know that if we do our part as he will do his part, when it is done history will join us in acclaiming its tribute not only to him but to us in which they shall speak of him as a statesman, a friend of truth, of soul sincere, of honor flawless, and of courage clear, patient in trial, serene, invincible in faith, invincible in arms. [Applause.]

Chairman BALDWIN. As commander in chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, it is my pleasure to present to you a son of a hero of the Union Army, who is past division commander of the Sons of Veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, a member of William B. Cushing Camp No. 30, Division of Maryland. I take great pleasure in presenting Mr. Silas E. Robb.

ADDRESS OF MR. SILAS E. ROBB, PAST DIVISION COMMANDER, SONS OF VETERANS, U. S. A.

Mr. ROBB. Commander in chief, members of the Confederate Veterans, ladies of the Southland, and friends, I consider this a very great honor to come before you this evening to present to you as a past division commander of the Sons of Veterans, United States of America, the greetings by a committee from William B. Cushing Camp, Sons of Union Veterans. [Applause.]

I am not going to attempt to make a speech. I came by unanimous action of my camp to present greetings to the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and I am here in that capacity purely and simply. But permit me just a few words. With this honor that I have to-night, I could not feel, if I could not say this one word, that I had fulfilled my duty. I do not fear in this war we are now entered into one single bit if the sons of the Southland heroes and the sons of the Northland heroes are as brave as their fathers were before them. [Applause.] We know you men were heroes in sixty-one. [Applause.] We know that our fathers were heroes, too. [Applause.] We did not wake up until it was a little too late to find it out. But it has come to pass 52 years afterwards that a son of a Union veteran can attend your encampment and extend to you the fraternal greeting that I bring to you to-night. [Applause.] I therefore, Commander, bring you the greetings of our camp in fraternity, charity, and loyalty, and thank you for the privilege. [Applause.]

Chairman BALDWIN. We will now have the benediction by Rev. A. R. Bird, chaplain Washington Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Mr. BIRD. And now may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God our Father, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit abide with us all always. Amen.

Whereupon, at 11.20 p. m., the meeting adjourned.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

By Mr. Wallace Streater and Commander Old:

Whereas it is the policy of the Government of the United States to honor the memory of citizens who have achieved special distinction in art, science, and literature, as well as in war and statesmanship: Therefore be it

Resolved, That the Congress of the United States be, and it is hereby, requested to designate and set apart some public park or square in said city to be thereafter known as Maury Park, or Maury Square, in honor of the great scientist and naval officer, Matthew Fontaine Maury; and it is suggested that the square bounded by North Capitol, B and C Streets, and Delaware Avenue, opposite the Senate Office Building, in said city, be so designated, set apart, and named; and be it

Further resolved, That all honorable effort be made by this organization to secure the memorial herein proposed; and that an attested copy of these resolutions be sent to each House of the Congress of the United States.

By Dr. Clarence J. Owens:

Be it resolved by the Sons of Confederate Veterans in annual convention assembled, That a memorial committee be appointed by the commander in chief whose duty it shall be to provide suitable memorial exercises to be held at the next annual reunion of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, which exercises shall not exceed one hour.

By Mr. Bale:

Resolved, That the thanks of the confederation be extended to Comrade H. D. Allen, past commander, Sons of Union Veterans, for his splendid work in collecting the various Confederate moneys.

By Mr. Kirk:

"Be it known throughout the North and the South and to the world generally that the purpose of this organization having been misunderstood throughout the North, we make it now certain that our purpose is purely benevolent and historical, and that this organization intends to help the disabled, needy Confederate soldiers who have unfortunately been deprived of attention."

By the committee on resolutions:

No. 1.

Resolved, That we heartily approve of the action of the President and Congress of the United States in declaring the existence of a state of war between our Government and the German Government, and we pledge our most earnest support in any and every way our country's needs may demand. [Applause.]

No. 2.

Whereas death has claimed one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of southern womanhood in the loss of Mrs. Rose, the historian general of the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Therefore be it

Resolved, That the Sons of Confederate Veterans in annual session assembled in the City of Washington hereby express the grief of its members in the death of Mrs. Rose and voice with sincere appreciation the high service she rendered the South.

No. 3.

Be it resolved by the Sons of Confederate Veterans in annual reunion assembled in the City of Washington, That the sympathy of the confederation be extended to Past Commander in Chief Seymour Stewart in the death of his distinguished father.

No. 4.

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this reunion of Sons of Confederate Veterans be extended for their splendid hospitality to the generous citizens of Washington and especially to the Confederate organizations of Washington, D. C., and to Comrade W. E. Brockman, division commander of the Sons of Confederate Veterans of the District of Columbia; also to the press of Washington for their kind and courteous treatment.

Respectfully submitted.

ERNEST E. BROWN.
W. A. EVERETT.
W. H. HARRISTON.
A. D. SMITH, Jr.

ECHOES OF THE REUNION, BY A NORTHERN MAN.

[Extract from the Confederate Veteran, by Dr. A. W. Littlefield.]

Dr. A. W. Littlefield, of Needham, Mass., writes thus of the reunion in the Confederate Veteran:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;" the words exactly meet my needs to express my feelings at the Confederate Reunion in Washington. Now, I wish the whole Nation could have witnessed all that took place there in the capital of this Federal Union. I never expected to see the blessed sight—that of the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars floating in harmony together. The symbol of Federal Union and the symbol of State autonomy, of central power and of State sovereignty, of the universal and the particular, of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, of national allegiance and local affection—these were there together after but a half century and a little more from the bitter fratricidal strife of the American people. How could anybody of patriotic ardor and historic sensibilities fail to realize the significance of this reunion? God be praised that such was possible and came to pass. *Te Deum laudamus!*

The meeting of the Confederate Veterans, the business meeting of the Sons of Veterans, and the grand parade impressed me with ineradicable memories. On the 21st of July, 1861, the battle of Manassas was fought; the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars were arrayed against each other. On the 5th of June, 1917, 56 years later, those two flags at this meeting of the Confederate veterans in the Capital City of the Republic floated above the head of the President of the United States for an hour or more as he stood or sat on the platform surrounded and confronted by the men in Confederate gray. A beautiful silken Stars and Stripes was to be presented to the Confederate veterans by the veterans in blue; for a long time it was held by the side of an equally lovely silken Stars and Bars, the latter not the reminder of the "lost cause," but rather the glorious ensign of reunited and most patriotic brotherhood. And after the presentation of the Federal flag the two standard bearers came to the front of the platform; the dear old man carrying his beloved Stars and Bars kept his standard in line and at equal height with the Stars and Stripes at his side. One even thought that for the moment he a little farther advanced the Confederate emblem and a little higher than the national symbol. Blessed sight to eyes that know how essential it is for the welfare of the American people that the Stars and Bars shall never lose their place in the affections of patriotic hearts nor lose their place beside the Stars and Stripes. And the President of the United States sat beneath the light and love of these reunited banners. One may never forget it. So significant both of the past and the future that is to be.

Then the meeting of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. I can hardly express my admiration for those sons of the men who fought under Lee. They were doing real men's work—plans for caring

for the old veterans, discussions looking to the larger education of southern men and women, and most deep-laid preparations for the rewriting of history so that the "truth of history," especially as it relates to the War between the States and the causes leading to it, might be gathered for the instruction of the youth of the Southland to remotest generations. The admirable and engaging Commander Baldwin presided, and above his head the battle flag of the Confederacy, guarded on each side by the Stars and Stripes, was the symbol of the Federal reunion of the sections, with no compromise of southern principles and ideals. For several hours I listened to the proceedings with heart deeply stirred and with the highest admiration of the personnel and plans of these sons of men who fought one of the great conflicts for constitutional liberty. And I had the great good fortune to be present not only as spectator, but also as an honorary member of Commander Baldwin's staff, to which he appointed me immediately after Adjutant Forrest introduced me to him. Think of that, a Massachusetts Confederate. What miracle had taken place to work such a marvel. No miracle whatever, only the beneficence wrought by time bringing brethren into fraternal association instead of keeping them in the attitude of misjudgment and condemnation. I never served in an honorary capacity with more satisfaction in all my life. For I felt it to be not only personally but patriotically good to be with those gray-coated sons of the Southland, than whom no more faithful and devoted loyal Americans exist to-day in any portion of our broad land. I only wish—what, of course, I couldn't even suggest to my hosts—that I might become an honorary member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. For certainly, though a northerner, I am sure that no man in the South has a greater love for the principles of constitutional liberty than have I myself, if modestly that may be permitted me to state. The badge of office as a member (honorary) of Commander Baldwin's staff is pinned to a diminutive bale of cotton on my bookcase under the shelter of my stand of Confederate flags, in the center of which is the national flag.

And that parade on Thursday of the old soldiers of Lee and his commanders. Received, think of it, in the court of honor in front of the White House by the President of the United States, surrounded by high dignitaries of the Nation and their guests. Everywhere the Stars and Stripes, and with them everywhere and in equal honor the Stars and Bars, the reunited symbols of nationality and State sovereignty. As never before, and particularly so in the midst of this great war for liberty, did I feel that the principles of the Declaration of Independence were so safely enshrined in all patriotic American hearts. I realized again that the Confederate cause was not "lost," but reestablished upon a higher plane than ever before and in the heart of the Nation itself. O thou, who art the God of our native land, we thank thee.

For a long time I have been a devoted and patriotic student of these things. The reunion was the climax of one period of that research and reflection. It came to me again and again that week of marvels, the vital distinction that must always be kept in mind and made the basis for all the political and patriotic activities of the American people—namely, that Federalism is the defense, but not the substance of liberty. Personal freedom, personal self-direction,

the voluntary grouping of persons and communities within those natural limitations, territorial and political, in the State, which, with other States of free and independent and sovereign citizens, make up a nation—these constitute the substance of liberty. And what people ever more profoundly emphasized and sacrificed for this principle than the Southern people? * * *

Victor Hugo in 1849 wrote these words: "In our ancient Europe England declared to the people, 'You are free.' France announced to the people, 'You are sovereign.'" Let us now take the third step and all simultaneously—France, England, Germany, Italy, Europe, America—let us proclaim to all the nations: "Ye are brethren." No patriotic sentiment has a deeper place in my soul than such ideals. May they become realized in our time.

A little child who, seeing the flush of dawning day awakens his mother with the cry, "Mamma, the sky is awake." Charles L. H. Wagner has made the inspiration of these lovely lines apply to our own times. And did not the ideals of the South and her sufferings have much the same import for the dawning day of true American nationality?

Out of the mouths of babes come words with wisdom fraught;
The eyes of a child have seen the light of a dawning thought;
The sky is awake, awake, and the beams of the rising sun
Reveal on cerulean blue a promised day begun—
A day when the hopes of men have fruited into life,
A day when a brother's hand replaces a stranger's strife,
A day when the tides of youth are impelled by an impulse strong
To beach on a common shore the wreckages of wrong;
A day when the bonds of race and the blood-marked bounds of State
Are lost in the heart of God and the love that knows no hate.
O, the sky is awake, awake! Rejoice, O soul o' mine,
And open thine eyes, my heart, and welcome the glad sunshine!
The sky is awake, awake. O world, with your burdened care,
Rejoice with the poet's child o'er your day of promise fair
And awake with the glory of the sky!

Time and again at the reunion my thought was this. May I give it as my heartfelt and loving sentiment to my friends of all the patriotic Southland? The Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars—long, long together may they wave, the pride of the free and the guide of the brave!

